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At Court and Cottage for nearly 20 Years,
SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS have been
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RAIMONAL CASTLE. O. 20th 20th, —
M — enclosed Stamps and begs Mr. SKUSE to send
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KENNINGTON PALACE.
Will Mr. SKUSE oblige by sending at once 3 boxes of
Herbal Tablets.
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Thanks for Herbal Tablets enclosed is P.D.
Yours faithfully, J.S.
ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, PITNEY, S.W.
Enclosed is 6/6. Please send at once 30 boxes of
Herbal Tablets, and much obliged, yours truly, G.E.C.
These Famous Tablets are prepared from
the finest Aniseed, Horsehound, Colts-
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Sold by Stores, Chemists and Confectioners.
3 oz. (lever top) Canisters, 3d.
1 ounce Tins, 1d.
The larger packages, being airtight, are specially
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THE SWEETS PAR EXCELLENCE.
DEVONA.

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This is Chocolate in its most delicious form — a
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A sweetmeat à la Française of exceptional quality
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For January, February, and March, 1899.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER. 12,000 or more Handsome Prizes, value over £5,000

LIST OF PRIZES TO BE COMPETED FOR EACH MONTH.

1	Cash Prize of £100 0 0	100 0 0	100 0 0
4	Cash Prizes of £25 0 0	100 0 0	100 0 0
8	Cash Prizes of £12 10s.	100 0 0	100 0 0
16	Cash Prizes of £6 5s.	100 0 0	100 0 0
20	Sewing Machines, value £5 each	100 0 0	100 0 0
33	Cash Prizes of £1 each	100 0 0	100 0 0
100	Cash Prizes of 41 each	100 0 0	100 0 0
200	Cash Prizes of 10s. each	100 0 0	100 0 0
200	Ladies' Umbrellas, value 10s.	100 0 0	100 0 0
600	Cash Prizes of 5s. each	100 0 0	100 0 0
400	Ladies' Umbrellas, value 5s. each	100 0 0	100 0 0
2,000	Boxes of our famous "Nubolic Soap," packed in fancy boxes, containing 18 12-oz. Tablets, value 4s. per box	400 0 0	400 0 0
1,000	Pictures of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," in gilt frame, value 4s. each	200 0 0	200 0 0
4,582	Value per month	£1,746 0 0	£1,746 0 0

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.
Cut off the top portion of wrapper, with the words Watson's
Matchless Cleanser and send, postage or carriage paid, to Joseph Watson
and Sons Limited, Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds, not later than
January 31st, February 28th, or March 31st. If the wrappers arrive after these dates, they will count for
following month's competition, and if they arrive after April 2nd, they will be valueless. If any parcel
postage or carriage not being paid, the parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is
The Prizes will be awarded in above order to the senders of the highest
number of wrappers. The wrappers must be in bundles of 50, and each parcel
contain the full name and address of sender, and the number of wrappers must be marked on the
paper. The packages must be marked on the outside, "Prize Competition."
Wrappers of unsuccessful competitors will be added to those sent in by them in the following month.
The giving result of competition will be enclosed with each prize, when it is sent out. All possi-
ble speed in counting the wrappers will be made, and Joseph Watson and Sons Limited
hope they will be able to dispatch all prizes not later than the 21st day of the month following the competition.
The decision of Joseph Watson and Sons Limited to be final. Every wrapper must have first contained
No employee of Joseph Watson and Sons Limited will be eligible.

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Has the Largest Sale of Full Weight 1lb. Tablets in the World, and has proved itself
be one of the best soaps ever used. It is obtainable of all Grocers, Olives, and
Co-operative Stores throughout the United Kingdom.

MADE IN ENGLAND.



FOREIGN
COMPETITION
SMASHED!

50s.

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In the Greatest Triumph of the English Watch Trade, Genuine British throughout.
WARRANTED FOR SEVEN YEARS. Chronometer Balance, Massive Sterling
Silver Cases, Removable Dust-proof Cap, and all the latest improvements. It is
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This splendid English Timekeeper is sent on receipt of the first payment of 5s.
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THE FAMOUS "MAB" DWARF RAZOR

THE ART OF SHAVING.
Sent Post Free.

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OPINION. — H. SMITH,
R.M.S. "SCOUT," writes: "All
the fellows in our ship say
the 'Mab' is the best razor
in England."

A SOLDIER'S
OPINION. — Corporal
LAW (Duke of Cornwall's
Light Infantry, Lucknow),
writes: "Your razors are
admirable. You will have
many orders from our
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OPINION. — Little
NELLIE WICK, the cham-
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"I obtained all my records
with the little 'Mab' razor."

Pronounced by Experts —
THE FINEST SHAVING IMPLEMENT IN THE WORLD.
The "MAB" RAZOR is a revelation to those who have habitually used the big, old-
fashioned razor of the period. The ease with which it is manipulated enables the user to shave in
the usual time. The blade is manufactured of a special blend of the finest English
Steel, and can be either plain or hollow ground.

The Public are respectfully advised not to accept imitations which
possess none of the qualities which have made the "MAB" famous.

PRICES: Black Handle, 2/6; Ivory, 3/6; Plain Case (Black), 7/6; Ivory, 8/6. Post free.

"MAB" CO., 73 NEWHALL ST.,
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Sent post free same day as ordered.

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IMMENSE REDUCTIONS. STUPENDOUS BARGAINS.

Double Width Dress Materials, 8d., 9d., 10d., 1/-, 1/4, 1/5, 1/6, 1/8
2/4, Black and Colours; Mantlings from 2/1; Suitings from 1/3
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Print, 3/4d.; Aprons, 10d.; Stockings, 11d.; Oxford Shirts, 2/2
variety in Shirting, Toweling, Corsets, Umbrellas, Underclothing,
Sheets, &c. Skirt, Knickers, Aprons, Bodices, Towels, Table Cloths,
kerchiefs, Furs, Gloves, and Curtains. REMNANTS.—Calico, 3/6
Flannelette, 4/6; Blouse, 4/9 and 7/6; Dress Stuffs, 3/9, 6/-, 8/6 per yard.

PATTERNS, ILLUSTRATED AND SALE PRICE LISTS FREE.
20/- Parcel of Goods Free with largest order each way.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO., Dept. 3a, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

GOLD STEEL.

**TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.**

'PEARSON'S WEEKLY' INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance and the Football and Cycling Insurances, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Jan. 27th, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, Feb. 4th, 1899. For full particulars see page 552.

**TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.**

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.

Intellect withers with inaction and grows by that which feeds it. If you would go upwards, you must remember that climbing requires exertion.

Now, my good reader, if you will take to heart these words and profit by them, they will put many a golden sovereign in your pocket in the years to come.

"THAT'S FROM P.W.!"

BUNDERBY'S BOYS AND I.

A Narrative with Variations.

By - ARNOLD - GOLSWORTHY.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BROWNE.

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mr Smith, who tells the story, takes up his position as assistant-master at Dr. Bunderby's School for the Sons of Gentlemen. His first efforts to impress the boys with a sense of his authority result in an uncomical failure. He then makes the acquaintance of Dr. Bunderby's daughter, the housekeeper, who induces him to try to make one of the boys take two pills. Smith, however, fails to obtain his end, and the pills are consigned to the fire. The next day boy in Colville, whom Smith caner. The boy in his wrath hurls a volume at Smith and escapes, but subsequently offers profuse apologies. It is Smith's custom to seek solitude up a tree in a neighbouring wood, and there to smoke—a practice to which Dr. Bunderby strongly objects. Miss Bunderby one day discovers him there, and brings him back to the school to interview a new boy and his parents. The boy is entered in the school books, and a midnight campaign takes place in the dormitory for his edification.

CHAPTER VI.

I TAKE THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

I WAS strolling round the playground the next morning, waiting for the hour to strike before summoning the boys to class, when Dr. Bunderby emerged from the house in the very correct attire he assumed for walking, and approached me at a somewhat hurried pace. That is to say, it was hurried from his point of view, indeed he himself might even have regarded his movements as being characterised by unseemly haste; though as a matter of fact he looked as though he had never been in a real hurry in his life.

His activity was almost always restrained and methodical, and he was one of those happy men who can start for a given place at a given time and arrive punctually without the least sign of hurry or rush. If he had to catch a train at the station he would leave the house precisely at the right moment, walk evenly at precisely the right speed, which was about three miles an hour, and take his seat leisurely in the train with a clear thirty seconds to spare.

This is an accomplishment that I have tried for years to acquire, but it doesn't look like coming my way at all. When I have a train to catch I leave home just a minute too late, and after a sharp run manage to get to the station in time to see the train fading away in the perspective. If I could only pick up that minute I should be a changed man, but I have been chasing it for so many years without success that I have lost all hope of ever recovering it now.

Dr. Bunderby's hurried pace must have been close upon four miles an hour, and it was such an unusual speed with him that as soon as we met he apologised for it profusely. He was clearly of opinion that he had been guilty of a serious breach of decorum in walking so fast as that, but he hinted that there were extenuating circumstances. He had been summoned to town on important business, and would consequently be unable to take the examination class in geography. He would esteem it a favour therefore if I would conduct the class myself, and he had much pleasure in handing me his notes for the purpose.

Having said this the gentle old man raised his hat slightly, as he always did when we met out of doors, and then he walked away at his usual stately and well-regulated pace. It seemed to me that he must have figured out the time our interview would occupy to the fraction of a second, and had purposely hurried to provide for it, thus securing as it were an extra reserve of assets to meet the liabilities born of the sudden emergency. I have a strong impression that the calculation reposed in his strictly methodical mind with all the punctilious accuracy of a City man's balance sheet; something in this way, for instance:

ASSETS.	secs.	LIABILITIES.	secs.
Time gained in exceeding usual walking pace	30	Time spent in walking twenty yards out of the usual course	11½
		Speaking to Mr. Smith ..	13½
		Handing notes to do.	3½
		Raising hat	1
		Balance for emergencies ..	1
	30		30

Dr. Bunderby left me no time to consider his request, and indeed it was hardly necessary that he should do so since in such matters his wishes were commands; but I felt it extremely unfortunate that of all his classes he should have been called upon to relinquish this particular one. These examination classes were specially designed to assist the boys to readily acquire the kind of information sought by the misguided experts who conducted the half-yearly examinations at the school, and granted certificates of an imposing kind to successful candidates. It was not enough to try and cram knowledge into the boys' heads in the ordinary way. At these times they had to be taught to watch for the cunning traps that lurk beneath the outwardly smooth and innocent surface of the average examination paper.

Instead of retelling their information in a plain and reasonable way the boys were expected to give a sort of mental gymnastic display with it. Having shown that they were familiar with some particular fact, they were required, as it were, to balance that fact on their chins, and hang by it from their knees, and then, as a final display, to stand it up on end and have other facts at it. Most of the boys could have passed with honours if they had been asked to decide how many apples were on a table if two were placed at one end and two at the other; but what knocked their mental machinery all to pieces was being called upon to add up the apples when they had one on the table, two others in the pantry, and another under the sofa with a piece bitten out of it.

My chief trouble, however, at this moment was the subject of the morning's lesson. As a matter of fact I had not come to Dr. Bunderby as a specialist in geography. It is a subject that has never cast a fatal spell of fascination over me, and I have never felt an insatiable longing to acquire this kind of learning at all costs. The subject lacks the vivid human interest of Roman history or solo whist, and if ever in a moment of unrest I have felt an uncontrollable yearning for something hitherto denied me I have not turned to geography for consolation.

As a schoolboy I probably learnt the precise geographical situation of Dumfries, for instance, but an accurate description of its abiding place would be quite beyond me now. Indeed, I do not see the necessity for concerning myself about it. If I wish to communicate with Dumfries the post office has facilities for effecting that end which quite satisfy me. If I desire to travel to Dumfries I believe there is a railway company that has a line running right through the spot. Having purchased my ticket I throw the onus of finding Dumfries upon the railway company. I look to the company to track Dumfries to its



Bradisi was not there!

lair, and if by any chance it should have shifted its quarters without notice I expect the company to follow it up and finally run it to earth for me. I am not at all troubled about its latitude and longitude, or whether it is celebrated for imports or exports. Dumfries can do just as it likes all the time without any interference from me.

The great fault about geography is that the details don't seem to lead anywhere when you've got them. I could not for instance say at this moment, without reference to the encyclopedia, how many feet Snowdon rises above the sea, but I can still follow the ordinary run of commercial and political life, and my digestion and general health seem in no way affected by the want of these figures. The height of Snowdon was one of the things the boys had to learn for examination. If they had been reasonable, respectable beings I would have sympathised with them for having to waste so much time on a mere, irritating string of noughts, but as they were only wild, half-baked fiends, I felt that it served them right. And I wonder how many grown-up men of ordinarily good education can lay their hands on their hearts to-day and give the height of Snowdon in round numbers without hesitation.

On the other hand I know that the river Thames rises in the neighbourhood of the Cotswold Hills, but I am not disguising the truth when I unhesitatingly assert that the possession of this knowledge, acquired at great pains in my boyhood, has never been of the slightest use to me. I cannot look to it to heighten my happiness in hours of sunshine, nor can I turn to it for sympathy and consolation in times of depression and liver trouble. It is nothing more than a bald, empty fact, that I could have acquired at any moment by referring to my table atlas, and I have given it house room for years in my mental fit-up, and have looked in vain to see anything grow on it or out of it. It has always seemed a little strange to me that the average schoolboy should be inflated with jetsam of this kind, and

enlightenment in some useful direction, and partly to avoid being ultimately found out. But to even hint to a pack of ruthless boys that you are not absolutely omniscient would be simply to deliver yourself into the enemy's hands. The boy's whole life is spent in trying to prove that he knows more than his master, and if in one single instance the master were weak enough to admit that this was actually the fact he would be undone for evermore, and discipline generally would receive a blow which would make it totter on its base.

It was, therefore, with considerable misgiving that I stood up and faced the class for the geography tussle. I do not pretend to have a more restless conscience than the majority of people, but when you know you are facing the foe under false pretences with inferior weapons you naturally feel a little nervous, and just as naturally you attribute the nervousness to a wholesome state of contrition instead of a cheap attack of funk.

To begin with, the mere fact that I was temporarily occupying the Doctor's position was a powerful incentive to lawlessness and original sin. It would, doubtless, strike these ruffians before me, who had brains for everything except their solemn duties, that the Doctor would never have taken the class in the first instance if I had been competent to take it myself. And then they had learnt by experience that I was not so strict a disciplinarian as my estimable principal. I was, therefore, in the painful position of not only having to wrestle with a strange subject but of also having to conduct the fight under exceptionally unfavourable circumstances.

It was my business that evening to see that the boys learnt by heart the names of the various ports or places of importance a ship would pass in sailing round the coast from London to Constantinople. The question had been set at the previous half year's examination, and I am bound to say that it struck me as being a prize method of wasting a growing boy's valuable time. However, I had only to follow my instructions. The Doctor had given me a list of the places with a few notes as to each, and it seemed to me that with care I ought to be able to get that ship round to Constantinople without casualty. Every boy had his atlas before him, and I stood on the platform with a large map of Europe behind me, to which I pointed at intervals to prove to the boys that my statements were really founded on fact and not the fantastic play of an imaginative mind.

If the Doctor had only given me a day in which to prepare my notes I could have scattered germs of geographical erudition among the boys with the confidence of one voicing the matured convictions of years; but, as it was, I had to trust a good deal to luck. And I never yet knew a man in the habit of trusting to luck who didn't get badly left in the long run. It is a singular fact that the man who has the most abiding faith in luck is the man who never gets any luck worth talking about. And yet, in spite of his chronic bad fortune, while he may be sceptical about many things in the heavens above or the earth beneath, his faith in luck, for good or ill, remains sweet and green to the last.

Our ship started from London in gallant style, and as long as we remained in the river I picked out with ease the spots that Dr. Bunderby had marked for comment, as I once travelled from London to Margate by boat. The keen interest that I had taken in my surroundings then proved very useful to me. I had a vivid recollection of the great riverside suburbs as far as Gravesend, but I remember that from that point my interest had not been so keen. We were nearing the open sea then, and my senses became gradually blurred up till I had no interest in anything except a longing for swift and merciful death. But that is a digression. I got the ship into the Channel in gallant style, and we stopped at Calais while I reminded the boys that Queen Mary had declared that when she was dead the word "Calais" would be found graven on her heart. Immediately a small boy shot up a hand, and asked:

"And did they find it there, sir?"

Before I could reply Colville had turned upon the querist with a mocking laugh as he cried:

"You silly ass! They don't cut kings and queens open when they're dead, do they, sir?"

Part of this remark was addressed to the small boy and part to myself. I had no difficulty in separating my half from the rest, for which I had no use; but before replying to either of the questions addressed to me I spoke harshly



A faint giggle arose from the class.

yet never have so much as hinted to him a few of the peculiarities of the laws of his country, or the scope of his future duties as a man and a citizen.

These reflections, however, did not help me out of my difficulty. While I regarded it as distinctly unfeeling of Dr. Bunderby to fling me headlong, as it were, into the geographical arena in this way, the fact remained that I had been flung. I saw in a moment that I was about to face a grave crisis in my life. In the company of responsible people I should have no hesitation in confessing ignorance where necessary, partly because it might lead to my

to Colville for his improper emotion, and explained that it would cost him fifty lines. It was foolhardy in me to have made an enemy at such an early stage in the proceedings, as, goodness knows, in my precarious position I needed all the friends I could make. But I had got on with such surprising success so far that I began to grow haughty and reckless, and to imagine that I knew all there was to learn about geography by the mere instinct of a superior mind. And, as we know, pride goeth before a fall, the reason, doubtless, being that there is no demand for it afterwards, as a man who falls is not usually much stuck-up about it.

Having disposed of the question of post-mortem dissection of royalty, I joined my ship again and headed her for the Bay of Biscay. We weathered the Bay without a storm, and the sailing was pretty smooth until we got to Marseilles, where our ship stuck hopelessly for quite a while. The next port named on the Doctor's notes was Brindisi, and I announced the fact without hesitation, feeling confident that I could put my finger on Brindisi directly I turned round to the map.

I remembered that one of our large steamship companies had docks at both Marseilles and Brindisi, and travellers going on a long journey could select either of these ports as a final starting point for the voyage. In the light of this knowledge I assumed that both ports were within easy reach of each other, and, having started the boys to hunt up the spot on their atlases, I turned round and made a cursory examination of the Mediterranean coast of France. I looked at the coast line twice, and then my heart sank within me and the cold perspiration stood out upon my forehead and bowed, so to speak.

Brindisi was not there! Indeed, in the light of the knowledge that has since come to me, I may say that it would have been most remarkable if Brindisi had been there. With a superb effort I turned and faced the boys, and assumed a light and bantering air that I was far from feeling.

"Come boys," I said, "we have got our ship to Marseilles, and before we leave the coast of France we have to make a short stay at Brindisi. Who'll find it first?"

There was an ominous pause as the boys diligently examined their maps. It was already time for me to give them a few hints in order to help them to find the place more readily, and I turned to the map again with all the frenzy of despair, silently exhorting Brindisi to come out and show itself boldly, and not get skulking away in the hope of escaping observation. All at once the joyful thought occurred to me that possibly Brindisi was not marked on their maps or my own. It was my only chance of escaping with honour and I played it as my last card with the fixed determination of purpose that prompts a drowning man to catch the other man's hair.

"Well, we'll pass Brindisi," I said in a tone that suggested that I would not force them to show their pitiful ignorance. "Very likely it is not marked on the French coast on your maps. After all it is only an insignificant place, and very likely it was not thought worth while to show it."

Feeling my courage returning at this point I proceeded to size Brindisi up with merciless brutality. It had come so near wrecking up my dignity that I began to say harsh things about it with all the recklessness born of confident immunity. I charged it with being a miserable, worthless blot on the face of nature, I spoke with a lofty contempt of its efforts to advertise itself by backstair methods into a position of prominence, and I freely predicted its early return to the insignificance from which it had sprung. Elated with the feeling that in a lucky moment I had got Brindisi down and could tread on it freely, I proceeded to ridicule its pretensions and revile its ancestry, and then I dealt it its knock-out blow. With a cold, pitiless sneer I deliberately asserted that Brindisi—smelt.

And then as if in just retribution for my reckless course of incrimination a hand shot up from the front of the class. I might have guessed it. The hand was Colville's.

"Well, Colville," I gasped faintly.

"Please, sir, I've got it. It isn't in France at all. It's right over on the other side of Italy."

And as Colville spoke he turned round and faced the class with a sparkle of triumph in his eye. The crushing reverse coming so suddenly made me feel positively ill. For the moment I was absolutely nonplussed, and, as I hesitated, a faint giggle rose from the class and shook itself out, gaining volume as it went, like drifting snow. Here and there a miscreant had buried his face in his coat sleeve in order to stifle his convulsive mirth, while other boys turned to their neighbours and derisively pointed out that Brindisi wasn't marked on the coast of France because it happened to be in Italy.

I had naturally relied on finding Dr. Bunderby's selections fairly close together, and it never occurred to me as likely that so careful a man would skip the whole western coast of Italy at a jump. I turned to the notes, and then discovered that he had not done so. In going through the notes I had slipped a page, and had rushed my ship past a dozen places that the Doctor had marked for special comment. At first I thought of sheltering myself behind a mean falsehood. I was tempted to explain that this was another Brindisi, named after the French one, but I am a poor sort of liar when a brilliant display is called for, and I couldn't make myself feel wicked enough to do it. I muttered a faint remark about my eyesight not being what it was, and with affected sincerity congratulated Colville on his cleverness.

But from that moment my prestige waned as far as this class was concerned, and my geographical laurels got browned off and frayed at the edges. The first sign of my decadence appeared to me in the spectacle of two boys at the back of the class attempting to push the boy between them under the desk against his will. Whenever my authority showed symptoms of weakening I always looked for this sign, which enabled me to size up my position more accurately. As soon as I saw that boy shoot under the desk, stifling the shriek for help that he dared not utter, I knew that nothing but measures of extreme severity could save the remnant of my dignity. Stung by my ignominious

defeat, I snatched my cane from the drawer, and hurried down the class to deal with the trouble personally.

I had got half way down the room when a hard scrap of paper folded double in such a way as to enable it to be conveniently shot from the teeth with a piece of elastic, caught me a sharp click on the ear. This was an experience new to me since my opening day, and showed me that I had fallen lower in the estimation of the boys than I imagined. I hesitated for the moment whether to go forward or to turn back, for it seemed to me that having proceeded to such lengths there was nothing to stop the boys from rising in a body and going for me and endeavouring by a combined effort to pummel me into a pulp. Indeed the idea seemed so far likely that I turned instinctively to look for a convenient spot where I would be able to put my back against the wall and sell my life dearly, or, at least, with no discount for cash. All of a sudden help arrived from an unexpected quarter. In the midst of my perplexity I heard the cold, cheerless voice of Miss Bunderby exclaiming:

"Come out here, sir; I saw you!"

I turned and bowed, while the boys, as was their custom if by chance Miss Bunderby appeared in the class rooms, rose to their feet. Following the direction of Miss Bunderby's eyes I observed Master Hawkins surreptitiously drop a piece of elastic, and then slouch drearily from his place to the foot of the platform.

"Mr. Smith," said Miss Bunderby, "I leave this disorderly boy to you. I came down to ask you to bring Master Colville to my room as soon as class is over. I have something to say to him."

Miss Bunderby spoke amid a silence that was positively breathless, and I felt that if I could have had the hold on the boys which she seemed to command with such ease, I would have cheerfully given at least a five-pound note for it.

At the conclusion of her brief but ominous speech she turned to go, bowing with an awkward formality as I held the door open for her to pass out. I could quite understand the awe of the boys in her presence, for at such times as these I felt a nameless sort of dread of her myself. I firmly believe that Miss Bunderby could have handled a regiment of soldiers with credit, and the greatest mistake she had ever made in her life was in not having been born a boy.

As the door closed behind Miss Bunderby the boys resumed their seats and cast looks of sympathy and commiseration at Colville. Whenever Miss Bunderby came down to ask that a particular boy might be delivered up to her it meant one of two things—either senna-tea or the discovery of some recent manifestation of wickedness which could only be expiated by an immediate adjournment to Dr. Bunderby's caning room. The outlook for Colville was distinctly threatening, and for the moment I found myself sweeping away our unforgotten difference, and wondering how I could shield him from Miss Bunderby's righteous wrath.

I returned to the platform after contenting myself with threatening the rioters at the back of the class with agony and suffering if they renewed their wickedness, and then started my ship on at express speed to Constantinople. But the excitement of the proceedings had vanished, and though there was an occasional effort to wreck the vessel, I was able to squelch opposition with a very slight effort. Colville sat with a smile of contempt on his face, doubtless preparing himself for the forthcoming interview with Miss Bunderby,

"Come out here, sir;
I saw you!"



and occasionally receiving whispered suggestions from his friends as to the probable turn the conversation would take.

As soon as the class was over I called Hawkins up and caned him thoroughly and remorselessly, and directed the attention of the class to his rufeness by way of an object lesson.

And then I announced the recreation hour, and asked Master Colville to be so good as to accompany me to the housekeeper's room.

(To be continued.)

A Warning to Parents.

A CAREFUL mother had impressed upon her little boy the necessity of ejecting the skins of grapes, and a few days afterwards she told him the story of Jonah and the whale.

"The whale is a large monster," said the mother, "and he swallowed Jonah."

"Did he swallow other men, too?" asked the little boy.

"Well, I suppose he did," continued the mother, who was somewhat in doubt, and while she was hesitating about the continuation of the story the boy interrupted:

"And, mamma, did he spit the skins out, too?"

Oil on Bad Roads.

CRUDE oil has been proved to be of use not only in suppressing the dust nuisance on railways, but in improving the condition of the highways.

Through an accident recently some ground became saturated with the oil, and very soon it was noticed that the mud dried up, and the surface of the earth became hard and remained so. So notorious was this piece of bad road that the effect of the oil on it became a matter of much comment, and the experiment was repeated in other localities, with the same effect.

A barrel of crude oil is sufficient for a strip of road 100 feet long and 12 feet wide. It appears that the ground becomes compact where it is sprinkled with the oil, and presents a hard, firm surface. The oil-soaked earth sheds the water, and, of course, there can be no mud.

Combs you should not Wear.

WOMEN cannot be too careful in selecting combs for the purpose of wearing in their hair. Imitation tortoise combs are highly dangerous from the fact that they are combustible, and have been known to explode when exposed near a fire, gas jet, or lamp.

It is not very difficult to tell the difference between an imitation and a real tortoise comb. The former is generally very clear, and the places between the teeth are finished off square. On the other hand real tortoise combs are somewhat cloudy, but very highly polished, and the spaces between the teeth are carefully rounded. They are made entirely by hand, whilst the imitations are moulded.

When a woman thrusts a little tortoise-shell ornament through her hair she little dreams of the number of hands through which it has passed. The finest tortoise shells in the world come from the West Indies and the next from the coast of Africa. At one time it was thought necessary to kill the tortoise for the purpose of getting the shells, but now they are plucked from the animal just as feathers are from a goose, and in the course of a year the tortoise is capable of growing another shell.

By blending light and dark shells together the expert is able to produce almost any shade he wishes. Having been carefully prepared, the shell is constantly steamed to prevent it becoming crisp, and when pliable it is immediately moulded by hand into the shape desired.

Overheard on the Lawn.

"HELLO!" said the Lawn-Mower to the Lawn-Roller, "I'm as hungry as a bear. Give me a roll, will you?"

"Can't do it," said the Roller. "They're too heavy to eat. The Rake tried to eat one the other day, and broke two of his teeth off short. Why don't you ask the Shears for a pear?"

"I'd rather go to the Axe; I don't want any fruit."

"What can the Axe give you?"

"A chop, of course."

"Why, of course—didn't think of that. If he fails you might go down to the garden and get a stake. By-the-way, what's the matter between you and the Weeds? They tell me you cut them whenever you pass."

"I do. I don't like the Weeds. They intruded themselves into a garden party I was at last summer, and spoiled the whole thing. Did you get off to the continent this summer?"

"No; I went down to the seaside to see my relatives!"

"Relatives? I didn't know you had any down there."

"Oh, yes; the Rollers are famous all along the coast. You get away?"

"No; I've been here all the time attending to business. I didn't feel that I could afford to go away this summer. I've been pretty poor, and I had to do a good deal of cutting down to pull through the hard times as it was. I hear that Hose is going to be married."

"Yes; he met one of the Nozzles at a watering-place, and they got much attached to each other. It's a good match."

"I think so myself; but for lighting a cigar I think I'd rather have a parlour match."

"Ha-ha! How cutting you are!"

"Yes—that's my business."

And then, as the gardeners had finished their luncheon, the Roller and Mower had to return to work.

Questions Worth Answering.

REPLIES.

4376. Is it Possible to Alter the Colour of the Plumage of Birds According to Desire?

This is undoubtedly the case. For instance, the Japanese, who seem to be very fond of playing tricks with Nature, have produced a breed of white sparrows. The method was to take a couple of birds of a greyish tint and breed from them in the midst of absolutely white surroundings. Everything they see is white, even the attendants who look after them are clothed in white, and so, generation after generation, their environment affects them until their plumage becomes perfectly white. By somewhat similar methods it is quite a common practice to produce canaries of fashionable shades of yellow, and a German authority quotes the case of a canary breeder who fed a bird on bread and very finely powdered cayenne pepper. The bird was not injured in any way but its plumage gradually turned to bright red owing to the colouring matter of the spice passing into its system. The natives on the Rio Negro, in Brazil, have a method of altering the plumage of birds by pulling out certain feathers and inoculating the wound with some substance which produces plumage of various colours.

4379. Are there any States in Europe which have never been Conquered by a Foreign Foe?

Since Great Britain has existed in its present form it has never been conquered or even successfully invaded. There was really no such state as Britain at the time of the Norman Conquest. In fact, the Britain of to-day only began to be made with the blending of the Norman and Saxon races. Again, the kingdom of Denmark, although it has lost a great deal of territory, has never been actually conquered. The same may be said of the New Russia, formed by Peter the Great, although the old state of Muscovy was more than once over-run and conquered by the Tartars. Here, again, the miniature states mentioned in another reply might be cited in the answer. Their smallness and weakness have preserved them from the jealousies of greater Powers, and, for reasons of their own, these Powers have commonly ensured their independence.

4380. Which Country has, all Things Considered, the Most Convenient Coinage?

France; and for this reason, that while it has adopted the decimal system of coinage, it has also in use the decimal system of weights and measures. Consequently, calculations are made in trade with the minimum of mental strain, which is a great consideration where business is urgent. France has also this advantage, that several other countries have adopted her money system in part, or in full, even while they may not have adopted the same system of weights and measures. Money transactions, therefore, are easy between France and the United States, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other countries. The disadvantage, perhaps, is, that when large amounts are involved, the mind does not so readily grasp the matter, as we can do with our millions of pounds; but that is a small thing when we compare the easiness of French calculation with our own old and cumbersome method, and that of other countries which have not yet adopted decimal coinage. Compare the French unit coin, the franc, and the decime and centime (which are respectively 1 and 101 of a franc) with our own cumbersome sovereign, so complicated and irregular in its various divisions and sub-divisions as not only to puzzle foreigners, but to require a long and tedious course of education to acquire a facility in money calculations. Trade generally throughout France is done with the minimum of mental calculation, and certainly carries with it the minimum of chances for blunders.

4381. Which is the Best Historical Illustration of the Saying "Those who Live in Glass Houses should not Throw Stones"?

When the "land grabbing" amongst European nations during the last quarter of a century comes to be historically considered, it will provide some marvellous examples of this proverb; but one of the most notable instances of it in a period removed from present day controversies is seen in the circumstances forerunning the Crimean War. Russia entered upon it ostensibly to procure liberty to all sects in the Holy Places, whilst at the same time bitterly persecuting the Dissenters from the Orthodox Greek Church within her own borders. From that persecution originated the Secret Societies who compassed the death of Alexander II., whilst the results of the war killed Nicholas himself. Nor was it the Russian only who was in a "glass house," if, as Kingsley holds, the impetus towards war was accelerated by the personal recrimination against Nicholas indulged in by the British Ambassador to Turkey, who himself suffered severely through the conflict thus precipitated.

4382. Which was the First Public Occasion on which Her Majesty wore Spectacles?

The first public occasion on which Her Majesty wore spectacles was her second visit to Netley Hospital on the 14th of May last, to view the soldiers lying there who had been through the Tiah Campaign, and to decorate with the Victoria Cross Piper Findlater and Private Vickery.

4383. Why are Men who put Paper on Walls called Paper Hangers?

Till the beginning of the seventeenth century the walls of rich men's houses were covered with tapestry hangings. But at that time the old and costly methods of decorating the walls were challenged by the introduction into France of a substitute for tapestries, namely, by affixing dyed wool in powder called flock to linen and cotton grounds. These, of course, were hung to the walls just as the tapestries were, and the men who hung them were called "flock hangers." Yet another innovation came, this being the using of paper as the ground for flocks, and these, at first "hung" like their preceding wall-hangings, gave the name to the men who hung them of "paper-hangers." As time went on, and this Chinese invention came into vogue in Europe, the paper hangings no longer hung loose on the walls, but were pasted on them, the paper hangings being too flimsy, and apt to tear. The change of method, however, did not take the name away from the workmen, who were yet known as paper-hangers.

4385. Is there any Country in Europe which has been Technically at War for over Thirty Years?

The kingdom of Prussia and the independent state of Lichtenstein are now in that condition. Lichtenstein took sides with Austria in the war of 1866, but when the Peace was signed Lichtenstein was somehow left out. Consequently there still exists technically a state of war between the dominant power in the German Empire and this puny little state, which is only about the size of Middlesex. Up to the Spanish-American war Spain had been at war for more than thirty years with Cuba, and Holland has also been intermittently at war with the Achinese rebels for a still longer period.

4384. When did the Present System of Presenting Petitions to the House of Commons Commence?

Before the present constitution of the House of Commons was fixed, and while the legislative and judicial functions of Parliament were ill-defined, petitions were frequently presented to the Crown and to Parliament as a whole for the redress of private grievances, chiefly in cases where the Common Law afforded no legal remedy. There are petitions extant of this sort of the time of Edward I. Before this date it is believed that petitioners came in person to complain to the King and his council, and this right of petition seems to have been allowed from time immemorial. In the reign of Henry IV., in the fifteenth century, petitions began to be addressed to the House of Commons as a separate body. At this time also, owing to the development of the Equity Courts, the character

of the petitions begins to change; there are now more petitions for private Acts of Parliament than for the redress of individual legal grievances. Petitions on subjects of general political interest began about the time of the great Rebellion against Charles I. But the great development of the modern practice of petitioning the House of Commons for political and economic reform did not occur till about the year 1779, when petitions on a large scale in various parts of the country for a common object were first organised.

4387. Which is the Most Wonderful Human Curiosity now Living?

All things considered, and taking both physical and mental conditions into account, this would seem to be the Bohemian twins Rosa-Josepha. This marvellous organism consists of two perfectly developed female bodies joined back to back. They are stated to be at present about twenty years old. They have enjoyed good physical health, and the double intellect has been highly cultivated. Curiously enough, only one eats, though, of course, the nourishment is supplied to both bodies. The two brains never sleep together, but during the period of rest they wake and sleep alternately, the one going to sleep immediately the other wakes. Until quite recently there was living in New Bedford, Massachusetts, a negro named King, who in his way was quite as wonderful as the Bohemian twins. He had two separate hearts, one on each side of his body, which beat separately and in unison. He possessed two breast-bones, one of which he was somehow able to move at will, but he was without the diaphragm, or muscular partition which separates the thorax, or chest cavity, from the abdomen. King was an exceptionally powerful man, and is stated to have lived to upwards of a hundred.

4388. At what Period was Britain Most Powerful?

This is a question which admits of two answers. If we are to count absolute strength, that is to say, the fighting power of the army and navy, the resources available for war, and the material prosperity of the home country and its various dependencies, then the answer must be the present time. But, vast and all as the power of the Empire is, it must be remembered that it has not lately been tested in conflict with foreign foes of the first order, and that therefore its relative strength has not been demonstrated. As compared with the other first-class Powers of the world, the relative strength of Great Britain was undoubtedly greatest at the close of the Napoleonic wars, when Britain was not only in a position of absolute supremacy on sea and land, but was so powerful as compared with her defeated foes and her exhausted allies that for more than forty years she was able to pursue her course of development at home and expansion abroad as she pleased and without any fear of interruption or even rivalry. Before the union of the Crowns, England herself was undoubtedly strongest during the period of Cromwell's government.

4390. Who was the Last Person Convicted of High Treason in this Country?

William Smith O'Brien, M.P., and his companions, M'Manus and Meagher, were tried and convicted of high treason in 1848, their offence being participation in the abortive Irish insurrection of that year. They were sentenced after the old brutal form, which prescribed that the victim should be drawn to the place of execution, hanged, but cut down before death, disembowelled, and then beheaded and quartered. They were, of course, immediately reprieved and the sentence commuted; but the Government, finding that there was no statutory alternative to the capital sentence, were obliged to pass a retrospective Act, which created the offence of "treason-felony," under which the maximum penalty for the crime of levying war against the State was fixed at penal servitude for life. Under this Act all more recent treason cases have been tried. A present-day member of Parliament, Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, is perhaps the only living man who has been sentenced to death in Britain for high treason. The last British subject executed for treason was Louis Riel, leader of the insurrection of half-breeds in the North-West Territory in 1885.

QUESTIONS.

4411. Who was the first nobleman created by an English sovereign?
4412. Which was the most remarkable pianoforte recorded in history?
4413. Is there any reason for supposing that the English National Anthem was once a rebel song?
4414. Which will probably be the next animal to become extinct?
4415. Is there any reason to attribute the great heat of the late summer to the presence of spots on the sun?
4416. Which of all Powers has first claim to the most territory in the event of its being given up by other nations?
4417. Which is the best historical example of trying to find a needle in a bottle of hay?
4418. Which is the best exception to the rule that the Eastern coast of a country is more important than the Western?
4419. In which of our great national enterprises was there the most co-operation between the Government and private individuals?
4420. In which capital city is there the greatest contrast between the public and private buildings?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"I don't believe in allowing domestics to get the upper hand. I made my servant keep her place."
"You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks."

MRS. RUGGS: "Why do you dislike Dr. Curren?"
Mrs. Muggs: "He cured my husband's rheumatism, so he can never tell when it is going to rain, and last week I spoiled a brand-new hat."

BOBBY: "Hurry up, mamma; 'unch is weady."
Mamma: "Oh, what a word! How do you spell 'unch?"
Bobby: "You don't spell 'unch, mamma; you eat 'unch."

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Listen, Charlotte. I am going to give a supper and a dance. Now, you will have to show what you can do, so as to keep up the credit of the establishment."

Cook: "With pleasure, ma'am; but I can only dance the waltz and the polka. You will have to excuse me from the quadrilles."

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General Manager and Secretary.

A TOWN OF CONVICTS.

Articles have appeared recently on the worst and the best prisons in the world. We now give a description of a British convict settlement, which is neither too harsh nor too comfortable.

A REPRESENTATIVE of *Pearson's Weekly* was afforded an opportunity of being shown over Dartmoor Convict Settlement quite recently, and what he saw and learnt provides good food for reflection on the question as to whether we treat our criminals too kindly.

During the winter months Princetown, the Convict Settlement, is the only trace of daily life on the moor. Outside the grey frowning wall are the quarries where the convicts are at work. Each man glares at the passer-by, the warder, loaded rifle in hand, waves you farther away, and you pass on.

Like London, it is proverbial for its number of fogs. Suddenly a dense white wall looms up in the distance. The whistles of the warders signal the "fall in" and back to the prison hurry the grey-clad labourers. It is the Dartmoor mist. It envelopes you in an opaque pall which cannot be pierced a yard ahead, and is known in some quarters as the "Convict's Hope," for it is only by means of a sudden and dense fog that an opportunity for gaining freedom is afforded.

Walled up in the huge prisons, built many years ago by convicts for the accommodation of their criminal colleagues, are about one thousand men at the present time. Of that number over 800 are convicts, and the remainder are warders, who, with ranks and titles almost as numerous as those in the British Army, make up a complement very nearly two hundred strong.

The settlement is entirely surrounded by a wall some twenty-five feet high, and at various points are to be seen little turrets somewhat similar to those erected by Wellington around the Channel Islands during the time England and France were at war. These turrets are provided with armed warders, semaphores—like those seen on battleships—and telephones communicating with headquarters. From these points of vantage the warders are able to command the whole prison and district, and by means of the semaphore communicate with warders in charge of gangs in the outlying districts.

At Princetown the roads are kept clean by convicts, lamp-posts are erected and quarries worked by them, and it is no extraordinary thing to meet half-a-dozen gangs in walking from one end of the town to the other.

Of course, the inevitable warder with his loaded rifle always accompanies the gangs, but that does not prevent the criminals from receiving "smokes" from passers-by. In fact one convict, leading a horse and scavenger's cart, motioned to P.W. that his cigar would be appreciated, and the result of a few seconds' gesticulation on the part of the convict was that the cigar was flipped in the hedge and duly picked up and smoked by the man in arrows.

Locking and unlocking of gates and doors is done with the pitiless persistency of a recurring decimal. Over 800 men have to be separately and individually locked up in their cells and let out again no fewer than eight times a day, fifty-six times a week, or nearly three thousand times in the year.

In certain American prisons, all the men are locked in by one pull of a lever, but a warder explained to P.W. that in this particular instance American smartness had overstepped the mark, and the English system was being reverted to; for in case of a convict being taken ill in the night all the doors have to be unlocked for the purpose of opening one cell, and with only a couple of warders on night duty, matters would look ugly if several hundreds of men took it into their heads to have a holiday.

Inside the walls of Dartmoor Prison various trades are carried on, apart from the dairy farms and quarrying which goes on within a gun-shot. There are close upon a hundred tailors. Unlocking and swinging open a heavy iron door about one hundred men are to be seen busily engaged making warders' and convicts' clothes.

They sit close together, and, excepting that their clothes have a pretty free sprinkling of the broad arrow and their chins none too clean for want of shaving, there is not much perceptible difference between a convict's tailor shop and any other. The men work up-to-date machines, and judging from the fit of the warders' uniform the convict makes an excellent tailor. Clothes are also made for a London boy's school.

Then there are the basket and cord-making departments, both in connection with the General Post Office. Baskets of all descriptions and sizes are exceedingly well put together, and when a visitor is being shown round, the convicts seem rather anxious to show specimens of their workmanship. "Ditty-bags" for soldiers and bags for sailors are made by the good-conduct men.

The Chapel is scarcely so neat as one might expect, whilst, on the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church is a model edifice. The windows are extremely good and the reredos is superb, costing no small amount of money. In the sacred buildings during services the warders are seated on a kind of very high music-stool, the effect being very curious. Talking is, of course, strictly prohibited, but it is the few who really heartily join in the service.

A Girl I Used to Know.

I KNEW a girl once on a time,
Whose disposition was sublime;
Whose voice was soft and low;
Her face was always wreathed in smiles;
Her gowns were of the latest styles;
This girl I used to know.

She always was so good and kind;
To all my faults so very blind;
I loved this maiden so.

I thought it would be perfect bliss
If only one time I could kiss
This girl I used to know.

But now this girl is sadly changed;
Her hair is always disarranged;
Her voice is not so low.

Her face, I find, is wrinkled much,
She likes to get my hand to clutch,
This girl I used to know.

My faults she does not fail to find;
To keep them always in my mind,
She's not afraid or slow.

A question always puzzles me—
I wonder can this really be
The girl I used to know?

Yes, true enough, why should I doubt
This is the girl I raved about?

The idol of my life,
The maid I dreamed was so divine;
The maid I coveted for mine,
Alas! she is my wife!

A Cool Customer.

A QUIETLY-DRESSED man, whose smooth-shaven bluish jaw gave him the aspect of an actor, walked into a restaurant and ordered quite a substantial meal. He ate leisurely, and at the end of the repast lit a cigarette. The waiter presented a bill for six shillings.

"I have no money," said the stranger, pushing aside the slip.

The waiter hesitated a moment, then hurried across to the manager and whispered in his ear. The latter strode over to the table.

"What's the trouble, sir?" he asked politely enough.

"Nothing," replied the diner placidly.

"The waiter says you won't pay."

"The waiter's wrong; I said I had no money."

The manager began to lose his patience.

"Do you mean you ain't going to pay this bill?" he asked curtly.

"I can't."

"So you came in here," said the manager finally, "and ordered a big meal, knowing you were broke and couldn't settle?"

"I did," replied the other, still perfectly cool.

"Well, what make you do it?" exclaimed the manager in a burst of exasperation.

"Because I wanted the meal."

"I'll have you arrested," said the manager.

"For what?"

"For obtaining goods under false pretences."

"What pretence did I make?" asked the stranger, calmly.

"Oh, well, you can't come in and take our food that way!"

"Yes, I can—I've just done it," said the other.

The manager scratched his head. "Get out," he said, abruptly, "and don't try this again."

Half-an-hour later the bill was paid, the money being sent in an envelope with the words: "It was a bet," written on the back.

BRAINWAVE: "He'll have to give up literature."

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A DAILY PAPER says there are fifty thousand muscles in an elephant's trunk. It was evidently packed by a woman.

"I DON'T think Phil Graves will ever set the world on fire."

"Oh, I don't know. He is an agent for a new make of oil stoves."

HE: "I do believe that some women go on the stage solely for the pleasure of taking a new name."

SHE: "I—ah—there must be an easier way than that!"

"THESE men" said the Spider, "have a lot to say about my parlour in connection with flies, but I shall speedily convince them that my abilities are not confined to the extermination of insect pests."

Saying which, he proceeded with a suppressed chuckle to spin cobwebs all over a bottle of shilling port which had been grapes within the preceding year.

And which forthwith became "Curious Old" and commanded £6 per dozen, of the best. This fable teaches the truth of that old maxim—"He laughs best who laughs inwardly."

LIKE THE CAT, THE RAT, AND THE OWL.

WE SHALL SOON BE ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK.

WHEN you enter a dark room from brilliantly-lighted surroundings your eye sometimes pictures very strange patterns that seem to dance about in the darkness. These fanciful designs are produced by the luminosity of the eye, for which we have to look to the previous light for the origin.

In other words, the eye stores up light, and when a person goes into a dark room he is enabled to see what are considered strange objects by the light emitted from his own eye.

Apart from this phenomenon, it is quite on the cards that before long we may learn to see in the dark perhaps just as well as we see ordinarily. This is not a mere theory, but a scientific fact, and experiments already made show it to be worthy of serious consideration.

The starting of this new scientific doctrine is credited to the German scientist, Professor Helmholtz, whose interesting discovery has been approved by other eminent men; indeed many are at the moment engaged in perfecting it, continuing the line of investigation begun by Helmholtz, the result of whose efforts is likely to prove the value of one of the greatest discoveries ever known.

A prominent London scientist is, perhaps, just at present leading the way in experiments in connection with the theory of seeing in the dark. He says that, after a long series of experiments, he has found that a certain faint, slow-moving phosphorescence within the eyeball or optic nerve, and hitherto thought to be due to the circulation of the blood, is sensitive to sound vibrations, being thrown into various movements which are subject to laws, some of which he has determined by experiments.

Musical sounds, it appears, produce the strongest effect, the cause of this probably being the fact that a musical sound is vibratory in a greater degree than sounds produced by other causes. When the sound is a definite word, a tendency can be unquestionably noticed on the part of the phosphorescent film or slow-moving vortex ring to form patterns almost geometric in their make-up. A sudden change from a very light room to a room not light at all causes one for a moment to see the strange patterns referred to earlier in this article.

This has been ascribed by the semi-scientific lay mind to a sudden shock of the optic nerve, while the average person has not thought anything at all about it, saving that it happened. As we have said, the phenomenon is known as the luminosity of the eye, proving that the eye stores up light, and this being so it is argued: Why cannot we regulate the organ so that when we are in the dark we may be enabled to see by the light of our own eyes?

It seems peculiar that man is denied the benefits enjoyed in this respect by the cat, the rat, and the owl.

Oculists and students of the nerves of the brain and the thought processes, to whom the question has been referred, unite in the statement that there is looming in the near future revelations in regard to vision that will stir up the people to wonderment, revelations that will assuredly create a new era in that branch of science connected with the eye. At present sight, for aught we know of it, can be regarded as one of the lost arts. We are only just beginning to find or to search for what has been lost.

The arguments put forward in establishing the belief that it is possible for us to see in the dark are clear enough. In the beginning the visionary powers of man and the lower animals differed in no great degree, but now the balance is in favour of the animals.

Why? Well, as the formation of the eye stands at present man's is oblong, while the pupils of the eye of the cat, rat, and owl are round. Strange to say the human eye is not the best developed. A cat or a rat has the power to utilise a degree of light that to human beings is darkness. This is the result of the superior focus of the cat's or rat's eye, which enables it to gather in rays from different directions and to utilise them for sight.

With a human being the only ray of light which really permits of sight is direct. You look at an object and see it in its entirety because the ray which has cast the image upon the retina is absolutely without curve. When you enter a dark room the reservoir of light which the eye itself has enables you to see for a second, and then all fades into darkness. Now in that darkness, as it seems in the human eye to be, there is really light; but the rays are so indirect and dim that the human eye is unable to utilise them because its pupil does not change, presenting exactly the same surface to the crooked rays as it did to the direct ones.

It is at this point that the advantages of the cat's eye described are apparent. The pupil thereof changes, adjusts itself to the existing conditions, and hence sight is continued in the cat where it is lost in the human being. The same is true of the rat.

The owl can't see very far in the daytime; but, all the same, his vision is better than man's.

Of course, there is no probability that the human eye will be developed along the exact line of that of the cat; but, nevertheless, present investigating scientists hope one day to tell us how we may see in the dark.

Questions Worth Answering.

REPLIES.

4376. Is it Possible to Alter the Colour of the Plumage of Birds According to Desire?

This is undoubtedly the case. For instance, the Japanese, who seem to be very fond of playing tricks with Nature, have produced a breed of white sparrows. The method was to take a couple of birds of a greyish tint and breed from them in the midst of absolutely white surroundings. Everything they see is white, even the attendants who look after them are clothed in white, and so, generation after generation, their environment affects them until their plumage becomes perfectly white. By somewhat similar methods it is quite a common practice to produce canaries of fashionable shades of yellow, and a German authority quotes the case of a canary breeder who fed a bird on bread and very finely powdered cayenne pepper. The bird was not injured in any way but its plumage gradually turned to bright red owing to the colouring matter of the spice passing into its system. The natives on the Rio Negro, in Brazil, have a method of altering the plumage of birds by pulling out certain feathers and inoculating the wound with some substance which produces plumage of various colours.

4379. Are there any States in Europe which have never been Conquered by a Foreign Foe?

Since Great Britain has existed in its present form it has never been conquered or even successfully invaded. There was really no such state as Britain at the time of the Norman Conquest. In fact, the Britain of to-day only began to be made with the blending of the Norman and Saxon races. Again, the kingdom of Denmark, although it has lost a great deal of territory, has never been actually conquered. The same may be said of the New Russia, formed by Peter the Great, although the old state of Muscovy was more than once over-run and conquered by the Tartars. Here, again, the miniature states mentioned in another reply might be cited in the answer. Their smallness and weakness have preserved them from the jealousies of greater Powers, and, for reasons of their own, these Powers have commonly ensured their independence.

4380. Which Country has, all Things Considered, the Most Convenient Coinage?

France; and for this reason, that while it has adopted the decimal system of coinage, it has also in use the decimal system of weights and measures. Consequently, calculations are made in trade with the minimum of mental strain, which is a great consideration where business is urgent. France has also this advantage, that several other countries have adopted her money system in part, or in full, even while they may not have adopted the same system of weights and measures. Money transactions, therefore, are easy between France and the United States, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other countries. The disadvantage, perhaps, is, that when large amounts are involved, the mind does not so readily grasp the matter, as we can do with our millions of pounds; but that is a small thing when we compare the easiness of French calculation with our own old and cumbersome method, and that of other countries which have not yet adopted decimal coinage. Compare the French unit coin, the franc, and the decime and centime (which are respectively 1 and 101 of a franc) with our own cumbersome sovereign, so complicated and irregular in its various divisions and sub-divisions as not only to puzzle foreigners, but to require a long and tedious course of education to acquire a facility in money calculations. Trade generally throughout France is done with the minimum of mental calculation, and certainly carries with it the minimum of chances for blunders.

4381. Which is the Best Historical Illustration of the Saying "Those who Live in Glass Houses should not Throw Stones"?

When the "land grabbing" amongst European nations during the last quarter of a century comes to be historically considered, it will provide some marvellous examples of this proverb; but one of the most notable instances of it in a period removed from present day controversies is seen in the circumstances forerunning the Crimean War. Russia entered upon it ostensibly to procure liberty to all sects in the Holy Places, whilst at the same time bitterly persecuting the Dissenters from the Orthodox Greek Church within her own borders. From that persecution originated the Secret Societies who compassed the death of Alexander II., whilst the results of the war killed Nicholas himself. Nor was it the Russian only who was in a "glass house," if, as Kingsley holds, the impetus towards war was accelerated by the personal recrimination against Nicholas indulged in by the British Ambassador to Turkey, who himself suffered severely through the conflict thus precipitated.

4382. Which was the First Public Occasion on which Her Majesty wore Spectacles?

The first public occasion on which Her Majesty wore spectacles was her second visit to Netley Hospital on the 14th of May last, to view the soldiers lying there who had been through the Tirah Campaign, and to decorate with the Victoria Cross Piper Findlater and Private Vickery.

4383. Why are Men who put Paper on Walls called Paper Hangers?

Till the beginning of the seventeenth century the walls of rich men's houses were covered with tapestry hangings. But at that time the old and costly methods of decorating the walls were challenged by the introduction into France of a substitute for tapestries, namely, by affixing dyed wool in powder called flock to linen and cotton grounds. These, of course, were hung to the walls just as the tapestries were, and the men who hung them were called "flock hangers." Yet another innovation came, this being the using of paper as the ground for flocks, and these, at first "hung" like their preceding wall-hangings, gave the name to the men who hung them of "paper-hangers." As time went on, and this Chinese invention came into vogue in Europe, the paper hangings no longer hung loose on the walls, but were pasted on them, the paper hangings being too flimsy, and apt to tear. The change of method, however, did not take the name away from the workmen, who were yet known as paper-hangers.

4388. Is there any Country in Europe which has been Technically at War for over Thirty Years?

The kingdom of Prussia and the independent state of Lichtenstein are now in that condition. Lichtenstein took sides with Austria in the war of 1866, but when the Peace was signed Lichtenstein was somehow left out. Consequently there still exists technically a state of war between the dominant power in the German Empire and this puny little state, which is only about the size of Middlesex. Up to the Spanish-American war Spain had been at war for more than thirty years with Cuba, and Holland has also been intermittently at war with the Achinese rebels for a still longer period.

4394. When did the Present System of Presenting Petitions to the House of Commons Commence?

Before the present constitution of the House of Commons was fixed, and while the legislative and judicial functions of Parliament were ill-defined, petitions were frequently presented to the Crown and to Parliament as a whole for the redress of private grievances, chiefly in cases where the Common Law afforded no legal remedy. There are petitions extant of this sort of the time of Edward I. Before this date it is believed that petitioners came in person to complain to the King and his council, and this right of petition seems to have been allowed from time immemorial. In the reign of Henry IV., in the fifteenth century, petitions began to be addressed to the House of Commons as a separate body. At this time also, owing to the development of the Equity Courts, the character

of the petitions begins to change; there are now more petitions for private Acts of Parliament than for the redress of individual legal grievances. Petitions of subjects of general political interest began about the time of the great Rebellion against Charles I. But the great development of the modern practice of petitioning the House of Commons for political and economic reform did not occur till about the year 1779, when petitions on a large scale in various parts of the country for a common object were first organised.

4397. Which is the Most Wonderful Human Curiosity now Living?

All things considered, and taking both physical and mental conditions into account, this would seem to be the Bohemian twins Rosa-Josepha. This marvellous organism consists of two perfectly developed female bodies joined back to back. They are stated to be at present about twenty years old. They have enjoyed good physical health, and the double intellect has been highly cultivated. Curiously enough, only one eats, though, of course, the nourishment is supplied to both bodies. The two brains never sleep together, but during the period of rest they wake and sleep alternately, the one going to sleep immediately the other wakes. Until quite recently there was living in New Bedford, Massachusetts, a negro named King, who in his way was quite as wonderful as the Bohemian twins. He had two separate hearts, one on each side of his body, which beat separately and in unison. He possessed two breast-bones, one of which he was somehow able to move at will, but he was without the diaphragm, or muscular partition which separates the thorax, or chest cavity, from the abdomen. King was an exceptionally powerful man, and is stated to have lived to upwards of a hundred.

4398. At what Period was Britain Most Powerful?

This is a question which admits of two answers. If we are to count absolute strength, that is to say, the fighting power of the army and navy, the resources available for war, and the material prosperity of the home country and its various dependencies, then the answer must be the present time. But, vast and all as the power of the Empire is, it must be remembered that it has not lately been tested in conflict with foreign foes of the first order, and that therefore its relative strength has not been demonstrated. As compared with the other first-class Powers of the world, the relative strength of Great Britain was undoubtedly greatest at the close of the Napoleonic wars, when Britain was not only in a position of absolute supremacy on sea and land, but was so powerful as compared with her defeated foes and her exhausted allies that for more than forty years she was able to pursue her course of development at home and expansion abroad as she pleased and without any fear of interruption or even rivalry. Before the union of the Crowns, England herself was undoubtedly strongest during the period of Cromwell's government.

4399. Who was the Last Person Convicted of High Treason in this Country?

William Smith O'Brien, M.P., and his companions, M'Manus and Meagher, were tried and convicted of high treason in 1848, their offence being participation in the abortive Irish insurrection of that year. They were sentenced after the old brutal form, which prescribed that the victim should be drawn to the place of execution, hanged, but cut down before death, disembowelled, and then beheaded and quartered. They were, of course, immediately reprieved and the sentence commuted; but the Government, finding that there was no statutory alternative to the capital sentence, were obliged to pass a retrospective Act, which created the offence of "treason-felony," under which the maximum penalty for the crime of levying war against the State was fixed at penal servitude for life. Under this Act all more recent treason cases have been tried. A present-day member of Parliament, Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, is perhaps the only living man who has been sentenced to death in Britain for high treason. The last British subject executed for treason was Louis Riel, leader of the insurrection of half-breeds in the North-West Territory in 1885.

QUESTIONS.

4411. Who was the first nobleman created by an English sovereign?
4412. Which was the most remarkable pianoforte recorded in history?
4413. Is there any reason for supposing that the English National Anthem was once a rebel song?
4414. Which will probably be the next animal to become extinct?
4415. Is there any reason to attribute the great heat of the late summer to the presence of spots on the sun?
4416. Which of all Powers has first claim to the most territory in the event of its being given up by other nations?
4417. Which is the best historical example of trying to find a needle in a bottle of hay?
4418. Which is the best exception to the rule that the Eastern coast of a country is more important than the Western?
4419. In which of our great national enterprises was there the most co-operation between the Government and private individuals?
4420. In which capital city is there the greatest contrast between the public and private buildings?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"I DON'T believe in allowing domestics to get the upper hand. I made my servant keep her place."
"You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks."

MRS. RUGGS: "Why do you dislike Dr. Curren?"
Mrs. Muggs: "He cured my husband's rheumatism, so he can never tell when it is going to rain, and last week I spoiled a brand-new hat."

BOBBY: "Hurry up, mamma; 'unch is weady."
Mamma: "Oh, what a word! How do you spell 'unch?"
Bobby: "You don't spell 'unch, mamma; you eat 'unch."

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Listen, Charlotte. I am going to give a supper and a dance. Now, you will have to show what you can do, so as to keep up the credit of the establishment."

Cook: "With pleasure, ma'am; but I can only dance the waltz and the polka. You will have to excuse me from the quadrilles."

Ocean

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Subscribed Capital - - - - £420,870
Reserve Fund, Dec. 31, 1897 - - £327,477

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R. J. FAULK,
General Manager and Secretary.

A TOWN OF CONVICTS.

Articles have appeared recently on the worst and the best prisons in the world. We now give a description of a British convict settlement, which is neither too harsh nor too comfortable.

A REPRESENTATIVE of *Pearson's Weekly* was afforded an opportunity of being shown over Dartmoor Convict Settlement quite recently, and what he saw and learnt provides good food for reflection on the question as to whether we treat our criminals too kindly.

During the winter months Princetown, the Convict Settlement, is the only trace of daily life on the moor. Outside the grey frowning wall are the quarries where the convicts are at work. Each man glares at the passer-by, the warder, loaded rifle in hand, waves you farther away, and you pass on.

Like London, it is proverbial for its number of fogs. Suddenly a dense white wall looms up in the distance. The whistles of the warders signal the "fall in" and back to the prison hurry the grey-clad labourers. It is the Dartmoor mist. It envelopes you in an opaque pall which cannot be pierced a yard ahead, and is known in some quarters as the "Convict's Hope," for it is only by means of a sudden and dense fog that an opportunity for gaining freedom is afforded.

Walled up in the huge prisons, built many years ago by convicts for the accommodation of their criminal colleagues, are about one thousand men at the present time. Of that number over 800 are convicts, and the remainder are warders, who, with ranks and titles almost as numerous as those in the British Army, make up a complement very nearly two hundred strong.

The settlement is entirely surrounded by a wall some twenty-five feet high, and at various points are to be seen little turrets somewhat similar to those erected by Wellington around the Channel Islands during the time England and France were at war. These turrets are provided with armed warders, semaphores—like those seen on battleships—and telephones communicating with headquarters. From these points of vantage the warders are able to command the whole prison and district, and by means of the semaphore communicate with warders in charge of gangs in the outlying districts.

At Princetown the roads are kept clean by convicts, lamp-posts are erected and quarries worked by them, and it is no extraordinary thing to meet half-a-dozen gangs in walking from one end of the town to the other.

Of course, the inevitable warder with his loaded rifle always accompanies the gangs, but that does not prevent the criminals from receiving "smokes" from passers-by. In fact one convict, leading a horse and scavenger's cart, motioned to P.W. that his cigar would be appreciated, and the result of a few seconds' gesticulation on the part of the convict was that the cigar was slipped in the hedge and duly picked up and smoked by the man in arrows.

Locking and unlocking of gates and doors is done with the pitiless persistency of a recurring decimal. Over 800 men have to be separately and individually locked up in their cells and let out again no fewer than eight times a day, fifty-six times a week, or nearly three thousand times in the year.

In certain American prisons, all the men are locked in by one pull of a lever, but a warder explained to P.W. that in this particular instance American smartness had overstepped the mark, and the English system was being reverted to; for in case of a convict being taken ill in the night all the doors have to be unlocked for the purpose of opening one cell, and with only a couple of warders on night duty, matters would look ugly if several hundreds of men took it into their heads to have a holiday.

Inside the walls of Dartmoor Prison various trades are carried on, apart from the dairy farms and quarrying which goes on within a gun-shot. There are close upon a hundred tailors. Unlocking and swinging open a heavy iron door about one hundred men are to be seen busily engaged making warders' and convicts' clothes.

They sit close together, and, excepting that their clothes have a pretty free sprinkling of the broad arrow and their chins none too clean for want of shaving, there is not much perceptible difference between a convict's tailor shop and any other. The men work up-to-date machines, and judging from the fit of the warders' uniform the convict makes an excellent tailor. Clothes are also made for a London boy's school.

Then there are the basket and cord-making departments, both in connection with the General Post Office. Baskets of all descriptions and sizes are exceedingly well put together, and when a visitor is being shown round, the convicts seem rather anxious to show specimens of their workmanship. "Ditty-bags" for soldiers and bags for sailors are made by the good-conduct men.

The Chapel is scarcely so neat as one might expect, whilst, on the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church is a model edifice. The windows are extremely good and the reredos is superb, costing no small amount of money. In the sacred buildings during services the warders are seated on a kind of very high music-stool, the effect being very curious. Talking is, of course, strictly prohibited, but it is the few who really heartily join in the service.

A Girl I Used to Know.

I KNEW a girl once on a time,
Whose disposition was sublime;
Whose voice was soft and low;
Her face was always wreathed in smiles;
Her gowns were of the latest styles;
This girl I used to know.

She always was so good and kind;
To all my faults so very blind;
I loved this maiden so.
I thought it would be perfect bliss
If only one time I could kiss
This girl I used to know.

But now this girl is sadly changed;
Her hair is always disarranged;
Her voice is not so low.
Her face, I find, is wrinkled much,
She likes to get my hand to clutch,
This girl I used to know.

My faults she does not fail to find;
To keep them always in my mind,
She's not afraid or slow.
A question always puzzles me—
I wonder can this really be
The girl I used to know?

Yes, true enough, why should I doubt
This is the girl I raved about?
The idol of my life.
The maid I dreamed was so divine;
The maid I coveted for mine,
Alas! she is my wife!

A Cool Customer.

A QUIETLY-DRESSED man, whose smooth-shaven bluish jaw gave him the aspect of an actor, walked into a restaurant and ordered quite a substantial meal. He ate leisurely, and at the end of the repast lit a cigarette. The waiter presented a bill for six shillings.

"I have no money," said the stranger, pushing aside the slip.

The waiter hesitated a moment, then hurried across to the manager and whispered in his ear. The latter strode over to the table.

"What's the trouble, sir?" he asked politely enough.

"Nothing," replied the diner placidly.

"The waiter says you won't pay."

"The waiter's wrong; I said I had no money."

The manager began to lose his patience.

"Do you mean you ain't going to pay this bill?" he asked curtly.

"I can't."

"So you came in here," said the manager finally, "and ordered a big meal, knowing you were broke and couldn't settle?"

"I did," replied the other, still perfectly cool.

"Well, what made you do it?" exclaimed the manager in a burst of exasperation.

"Because I wanted the meal."

"I'll have you arrested," said the manager.

"For what?"

"For obtaining goods under false pretences."

"What pretence did I make?" asked the stranger, calmly.

"Oh, well, you can't come in and take our food that way!"

"Yes, I can—I've just done it," said the other.

The manager scratched his head. "Get out," he said, abruptly, "and don't try this again."

Half-an-hour later the bill was paid, the money being sent in an envelope with the words: "It was a bet," written on the back.

BRAINWAVE: "He'll have to give up literature."
HEARTSURGE: "Health failing?"
BRAINWAVE: "No—hair."

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"Oh, I don't know. He is an agent for a new make of oil stoves."

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"THESE men" said the Spider, "have a lot to say about my parlour in connection with flies, but I shall speedily convince them that my abilities are not confined to the extermination of insect pests."

Saying which, he proceeded with a suppressed chuckle to spin cobwebs all over a bottle of shilling port which had been grapes within the preceding year.

And which forthwith became "Curious Old" and commanded £6 per dozen, of the best. This fable teaches the truth of that old maxim—"He laughs best who laughs inwardly."

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In other words, the eye stores up light, and when a person goes into a dark room he is enabled to see what are considered strange objects by the light emitted from his own eye.

Apart from this phenomenon, it is quite on the cards that before long we may learn to see in the dark perhaps just as well as we see ordinarily. This is not a mere theory, but a scientific fact, and experiments already made show it to be worthy of serious consideration.

The starting of this new scientific doctrine is credited to the German scientist, Professor Helmholtz, whose interesting discovery has been approved by other eminent men; indeed many are at the moment engaged in perfecting it, continuing the line of investigation begun by Helmholtz, the result of whose efforts is likely to prove the value of one of the greatest discoveries ever known.

A prominent London scientist is, perhaps, just at present leading the way in experiments in connection with the theory of seeing in the dark. He says that, after a long series of experiments, he has found that a certain faint, slow-moving phosphorescence within the eyeball or optic nerve, and hitherto thought to be due to the circulation of the blood, is sensitive to sound vibrations, being thrown into various movements which are subject to laws, some of which he has determined by experiments.

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With a human being the only ray of light which really permits of sight is direct. You look at an object and see it in its entirety because the ray which has cast the image upon the retina is absolutely without curve. When you enter a dark room the reservoir of light which the eye itself has enables you to see for a second, and then all fades into darkness. Now in that darkness, as it seems in the human eye to be, there is really light; but the rays are so indirect and dim that the human eye is unable to utilise them because its pupil does not change, presenting exactly the same surface to the crooked rays as it did to the direct ones.

It is at this point that the advantages of the cat's eye described are apparent. The pupil thereof changes, adjusts itself to the existing conditions, and hence sight is continued in the cat where it is lost in the human being. The same is true of the rat.

The owl can't see very far in the daytime; but, all the same, his vision is better than man's.

Of course, there is no probability that the human eye will be developed along the exact line of that of the cat; but, nevertheless, present investigating scientists hope one day to tell us how we may see in the dark.

SENSATIONS MADE TO ORDER.

Actors and Actresses who Want
to Become Famous, Read This.

THE theatrical sensation market, so far as this country is concerned, cuts a sorry figure in the speculative sense, that is to say, it is at a low ebb; our theatrical artists do not patronise it.

Sensations, as touching the personality of actors and actresses, are not usually created to order, as is done among theatrical artists of America.

In this country, when a popular actor is knocked down in the street and gets run over, you may be sure that the gentleman has really run the risk of losing his life; or when an actress misses her diamonds, such valuables are really lost for the time being; or when an actor falls through a trap on the stage and breaks his leg, you may write it down that the story is true.

But, whereas such accidents as these are, in this country, few and far between, in the United States similar theatrical sensations are very numerous, but nine-tenths are faked.

P.W. was informed the other day by a prominent American journalist that the Americans were always eager to read anything about the members of the profession, and the newspapers, without asking for proof, were always ready to print news concerning actors and actresses.

He could not quite understand why in England there was exercised such a strict censorial eye editorially, a determination not to conform to the usages of his own country in this direction, particularly as the subject was an all-absorbing one to the majority of Britishers. But all this depends on the way you view the question. Tastes differ.

An enterprising firm has been established in New York whose avowed object is to give talent a helping hand on the difficult road to notoriety. Genius, as you know, may be a very excellent thing in itself; but if it is not proclaimed publicly, if it is not propped up by advertisement in some form, what good is it? So the Empire Press Association—run by one man who is not a Pressman—is formed to ease geniuses impressed with the idea that their light, in the dramatic sense, is being hidden under a bushel, and who are imbued with the belief that they only want a filip to spring it upon the world.

This is how it is done: Say this "light" is a young, talented and ambitious actress. She wants notoriety, having the genius or talent to back it up. She betakes herself to the offices of the association, explains her case, and two days later New York and other large cities will be flooded with the story of the theft of the lady's jewels, together with a detailed account of the daring manner in which she tried to recover her property. People crowd to the theatre she is playing at and acclaim her.

While the boom is still on, somehow the same actress gets waylaid one night on her way home from the theatre and mauled by a band of ruffians. Her condition is so pitiable, her bruises are so serious, that she must perforce remain away from the theatre for a time; then she returns to loud music and the vociferous cheering of a big crowd.

That is one way, here is another: You can have an account of a forty-gallon milk bath which you take every day, and the milkman is all there to say that he supplies the milk.

If you are appearing in a sporting drama the horse you make your stage entrance with suddenly becomes uncontrollable, dashes off the stage, rushes through the stage-door, and bolts with you. Throwing you off his back he turns a somersault through a glass pane, and falls dead within the reach of the reporters. A dead horse is there at the theatre and can be viewed the next day by the Press and public.

You may go to an aquarium, point your bejewelled fingers at the real fishes, drop a paste diamond ring into the tank, over-balance yourself in reaching for it, and then faint when you are rescued.

You can court notoriety in this fashion without a break, and it is all free advertisement.

Say you are a rising young actor. Hitherto you have been playing to what we should call provincial audiences; you have an engagement to appear in the great American metropolis. This Association gets to hear of it and sends you a letter couched in terms to the following effect:

"Dear Mr. Leslie Gainsborough.—It is sensation, and not talent, that wins. You are coming to this city—you must come with a boom if you hope to succeed. This is what we propose doing to help you to fame: On Sunday your house will be entered by burglars; they will turn the place upside down, and pistol-shots will be fired; blood-stains will be found on the floor. You will get the credit of fighting single-handed two desperate men. The next morning the New York papers will have the story in full, the police will be on the track of your would-be assassins, and the city will be talking about you. Of course I'll furnish the burglars, and take all chances, and will only charge you twenty pounds."

A similar letter to this actually fell into the hands of a well-known manager, and the enterprising sensation organiser was sent for, obviously for a chat for a suggested boom.

It must be understood that this theatrical sensation-monger is not a newspaper man; his business is to deceive the Press, the latter not being nearly so conservative as the British fraternity in the matter of personal puff.

"Now about this little affair," began the manager. "I think that Miss Gertrude Fortescue should have a little advertising—burglars or something, you know."

"And we can't do a thing but supply it," responded the other.

"After all, perhaps the burglary scheme for a lady is not quite sensational enough," suggested the manager, rubbing his chin and eyeing his companion closely.

"What else can you suggest?"

"We supply stories of any description, either sensational or refined. How would this do? I will send round a porter to Miss Fortescue's with an order from you asking for two paintings to use in the stage-mounting of the new piece—one a Rembrandt and one a Corregio, worth each £2,000—or we can say £5,000, if you like—which hang in her father's library."

"But has Miss Fortescue such valuable oils?"

"That's the story, you know, we'll tell the reporters. See? Let the pictures be stolen on the way here. See? You hear of it, so does the lady, so does her father, who, of course, will be frantic and tear off to the police-station. Twenty reporters will be at your stage-door in an hour. The story will be recited to them, they will interview the lady, who is dying from grief and excitement in the green-room, and—well, won't that do?"

The manager shook his head.

"Well, how will this suit you?" said the irrepressible one. "Let us give it out that Miss Gertrude Fortescue had a valuable diamond tiara sent her from an admirer, valued at £2,500, but which she would not accept because she did not know the gentleman. See? We can have a paste tiara here under a glass case with a strong light playing upon it. Invite the Pressmen who know nothing about diamonds, and if they don't write columns about it—what, won't that do?"

Again the manager shook his head.

"Well, you know, the newspapers must print something. How will this do? You have in the front of the house a valuable painting of the lady from the brush of her deceased fiancé, which she prizes beyond money?"

"True."

"Well, can't we steal it? Everybody in New York knows the story of that picture. Imagine it being thieves! Think of the hue-and-cry that would be raised—a sensation that would and could be made to last for at least a month. I've worked all the sensations you have read of in the papers for the last twelve months."

The man went away without an order this time.

The fame of British actors is created purely by talent. They are not assisted to notoriety. In saying this we throw no aspersion on the professional character of an intelligent class of artists, many of whom—those known to British audiences—would probably scorn to accept assistance such as this sensation-monger has to offer, but that theatrical sensations are frequently worked in America on a system similar to those described herein, is undeniable.

"JANE, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?"

"I don't know, mum, unless you raise me wages."

WITTICUS: "Here's a funny thing."

CITTIUS: "What is it?"

WITTICUS: "Account of a man who walked in his sleep because he dreamed he had no money to pay his 'bus fare.'"

"I'm sure I don't know," cried old Severeman, "I really don't know what to do with you, Henry. Is there anything good in you?"

"I think so, dad," replied Henry. "I've just eaten a piece of mince pie."

MRS. BACON (getting ready to go out): "I can't see when Mr. Penman gets time to do any literary work; he and his wife are always on the go."

Mr. Bacon: "Well, I understand he finds time to do his writing while his wife is putting on her hat."

A WEDDING PRESENT FOR THOSE
MARRIED IN MARCH.

Those engaged couples who are to be married some time during the month of March, and who wish to receive a small wedding present chosen by themselves up to the value of £1, should write on the back of a post-card:

1. The reason why they should have it.
2. The name and address of the sender.
3. The name and address of the person to whom the sender is engaged.
4. The date of the wedding.

All attempts should reach the "WEDDING PRESENT" Editor by Monday, February 20th.

We shall offer at intervals a similar prize to other folk who are going to get married in April and the subsequent months throughout the year.

THE MAN WITH A COUGH.

"Do listen to him!" said the elderly lady impetuously. "Can't he stop for a single moment?"

"Impossible, utterly," said the witty man. "Evidently like the street beggars, he gets his living by his ill-health."

"It isn't ill-health," interrupted the nervous man petulantly. "If it were I could have a great deal of sympathy for him. No one could have more excuses for a true invalid than myself. But that raspy, hacky, tickling cough—hug! hug!—fairly makes me wild. It isn't a cough, it's a—"

"Nervous ailment, just like your own, isn't it?" innocently suggested the stout man. "He doesn't seem to get any more fun out of it than we do. He sits at his desk and coughs till his throat feels as if it was on fire, and he goes to bed and coughs until he falls asleep from pure exhaustion."

The young lady had not ventured an opinion till the nervous man turned to her, and asked her if the fellow did not annoy her.

"I cannot say no, and I am ashamed to say yes," she answered gently. "As you have said, he undoubtedly has the worst of it."

As she rose and left the room, the murmurs redoubled, including her in their criticisms; kindly, to be sure, but—

"She wouldn't say anything against him, you know," said the short man. "They used to be engaged to be married once. Shouldn't wonder if she couldn't stand the cough then herself. Strangest thing to me is, that they seem to be good friends just the same." He jerked his chair nearer the rest of the group as he added:

"I know one thing that will be good news to most of us. The landlady has given him notice to change his lodgings. Said his cough disturbed everyone, and 'twas everybody or him."

The elderly lady coloured as she answered:

"Oh, I don't know that we want him to leave. He seems to be a nice, quiet little man."

But the quiet little man had received his notice, and blushing, confused, the next day he left the house and passed on his way, still coughing.

Not for the first time had the cough proved his enemy. Even his father and mother had been annoyed by it. His schoolmates had ridiculed it. His fellow clerks had chafed him about it. And when the chaffing or ridicule or annoyance became painful to him and the cough became unendurable to others he was merely asked to "move on." After he left the house it was several weeks before the young lady saw him again. Perhaps for her sake, perhaps for his own, he had not told her where he was going, and it was with a feeling of surprise that from her position in the choir she saw him enter the church one evening. How he had hesitated, advanced and retreated, she did not know.

She did notice, however, that he looked wretchedly ill, and not for the first time a feeling of concern for her friend overcame her. He had hardly seated himself before the little sound was heard, the beginning of his cough.

The minister stopped several times for the noise to cease. Evidently they could not both run at the same time. He glanced at the disturber with some wonder at first; then annoyance; then vexation. He began to grow pale. They said he had a bad temper; it began to show. He had not spent hours on his finely turned sentences to have them drowned by that.

He made a longer pause than usual, and the annoying cough was partly hushed; then as it showed signs of beginning again the minister glared at him in such an unmistakable manner that stooping for his hat and cane, dropping one or the other as he passed down the aisle, the young man left the church.

The baize doors swung silently behind him, and the congregation settled down with a feeling of relief.

A few moments later, contrary to all custom and church etiquette, the sexton hurriedly made his way to the pulpit and whispered to the minister. The face of the latter flushed and then paled, and for almost the first time in his life he discarded the platitudes with which he doctored his people's souls.

"I must ask you to pardon me for a short while," he stammered; "I am wanted outside."

But he was not at all wanted when he got there. The young lady was leaning over the poor fellow with a cough, who, helpless, dying, held her hand in his, and smiled as he whispered:

"I am so glad that you are here, Florence. I came—I hoped to see you once more." Then the stereotyped phrase that he had used so often dropped slowly from his pale lips:

"I beg your pardon; I am afraid I am annoying you." And the cough stopped—suddenly.

GOVERNESS: "Come, Ethel; it's time for good little girls to be in bed."

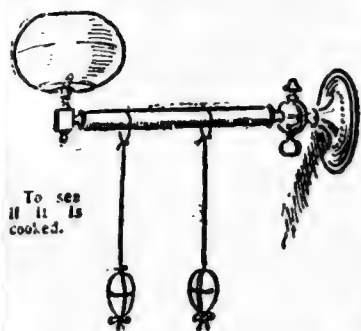
Ethel: "Yeth, Mith Morgan; but you know I have been naughty to-day."

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice: "I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware until now that you could so readily discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse!"

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH AN EGG.

If You Want to Amuse Your Friends for an Hour Try these Tricks.

The common egg, as the professor in the story called it, is a sweet and simple object, unless it is kept too long, when it leaves off being sweet, and becomes in addition most disastrously complex.



But in its habitual condition, the egg, or its shell—the contents deftly withdrawn—is capable of affording a basis for many amusements on a winter evening.

Not to invade the province of those remote and legendary persons who are fabled to know the egg in its native habitat, the London or

shop egg will answer our purpose as well as another.

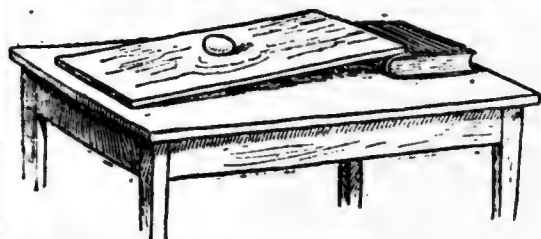
An enterprising trader once advertised: "Eggs by the dozen. New laid eggs, 1s. 6d.; fresh eggs, 1s.; superior eggs, 10d.; eggs, 6d." Perhaps you may not know that a fresh or new-laid egg may easily be distinguished unbroken from a stale one by the simple expedient of applying each end in turn to the tip of the tongue. A fresh egg is quite perceptibly warmer at the larger end than at the small end.

Another curious fact about an egg is this. If you cook an egg in the ordinary way—so as to leave the yolk liquid, while the white is somewhat "set," and allow it to get quite cold, you may boil it thereafter as much as you please—for a hour or more—but by no amount of boiling can you now boil it "hard."

It is easy to tell a hard-boiled egg from a raw one without breaking the shell, if you take each egg by the ends and spin it vigorously on a plate, or on some other smooth surface. Do this with a hard-boiled egg, and the egg will rise and spin on its end, if you spin it fast enough. But a raw egg, no matter how fast you spin it, will never rise on end. It will only spin on its side, and not much there. The liquid in a raw egg, by its impact on the sides, prevents it rising on end.

Here is another plan of distinguishing a hard-boiled egg from a raw one. Take each of the two eggs and tie it across and across with a piece of tape. Insert a piece of string beneath the tape at the end of each egg, so that they may be readily suspended. Now twist the strings round and round, revolving the eggs, and let go. The hard-boiled egg will spin round, and, winding the string up again the other way, will, when the impetus is exhausted, reverse and spin round the other way, and so on until it comes to a standstill. Not so the raw egg, which will simply wriggle itself free of the twist and hang quite passive. The inertia of the liquid in the egg overcomes the tendency to revolve imparted by the tension of the string.

Here is an experiment with a sucked egg—that is, an empty egg shell, from which the contents have been



It performs "cartwheels."

withdrawn. Make the hole somewhat large, and by means of a folded paper introduce into it a little quicksilver, and close the hole by securely gumming a piece of paper over it.

If you now stand the egg at the top of a sloping board, lay the egg on its side, and release it, it will turn a series of somersaults in running down the slope. Also, on account of the weight of the quicksilver, you cannot make the egg lie down, at any time, without holding it. It is, in fact, a sort of imp-bottle, like the little toys which are sold at the conjuring shops.

Rather a pretty experiment with a blown egg, is to suspend it by means of a piece of cotton attached to it with sealing-wax, and then cause it to swing, without being touched, by means of electrical attraction. The latter is supplied by a doubled sheet of brown paper,

warmed, and made electrical by being held tightly against the body with the upper arm, while it is drawn smartly out with the other hand.

The brown paper, which will give a bright electric spark to the knuckle, will make the egg swing briskly by its attraction, drawing the egg to itself as a very



A paper magnet.

powerful magnet will attract a piece of iron, but in a much more striking manner.

An egg—that is a complete egg, not the empty shell, such as we have just been using—will sink in water; but it will float in strong brine, made by adding to cold water as much salt as will dissolve in it. Cold water will dissolve a little more salt than hot.

If we mix a solution of salt with some pure water, trying the egg in it from time to time, we can obtain a mixture having the same specific gravity as the egg;



An egg that stays where it's put.

and in this water we can make the egg float, by a little care, at any particular spot.

Thus, if we take a tall jar full of the fluid mixed as above, and by means of a bent piece of tin, carefully release the egg half way down, we shall have the curious phenomenon of an egg suspended, as though by magic, in the middle of the jar, as Mahomet's coffin hung in air between earth and heaven.

But if we had not wholly filled the jar, there is yet a more curious trick greatly surprising to the unwarned onlooker. By means of a long funnel, add some more brine to the water, and the egg will gradually rise to the surface. Now add fresh water in sufficient quantity, and it will as slowly sink.

Take an empty egg shell, and choose one in which the hole has not been made too large.

If you now put the empty shell into the oven, so as to make it very hot, and then plunge it in a bowl of water for a few minutes, the shell will suck in some of the water, owing to the contraction of the contained air in cooling.

Do this once or twice until you have in the egg-shell just sufficient water for this experiment, which requires that the shell shall just be able to float on water and no more—that is, that a very slight touch will send it down, to bob up again directly afterwards.



Moves without touching.

Put it in a large, narrow-mouthed pickle-jar, nearly full of water. Put the palm of your hand over the mouth of the jar, and bear heavily upon it. The egg will sink to the bottom. Lift the hand and the egg will rise quickly to the surface. The compression of the air destroys the buoyancy of the partially filled eggshell. If you don't mind making rather a mess in the fireplace you can utilise this shell with the water in it for another rather striking trick.

Cover the hole with a piece of paper, well gummed on and gummed over, and put the shell in the fire. In a few minutes the shell will be blown violently to pieces by the steam from the water. Stand well back from the grate, or you may be scalded.

In the next trick it is not necessary to allow the onlookers either to witness the preparations, or to be aware of the fact that it is an empty egg that is being used. Take a little piece of good muslin, and soak it in strong brine. Let it dry, and repeat the process three or four times. Then, by attaching a piece of wire to each corner of the muslin, make a little cradle to hold the egg-shell. Do not do this until the muslin is thoroughly dry.

If you now set fire to the muslin, so that it may burn, the egg-shell will not, as the bystanders expect, fall. The trick is a very surprising one, and its explanation simple. The salting of the muslin causes it to leave an ash sufficiently strong to support a light object like an egg-shell.

NEW LAID EGGS.

Eggs can be cooked in more than 500 different ways.

In some Swiss villages eggs are in circulation in lieu of money.

A FEMALE salmon, when fully matured, will lay 20,000,000 eggs per annum.

A GOOD hen will lay in her life time (averaging three and a half years) from six to seven hundred eggs.

THE Moa, the extinct wingless bird of New Zealand, was fifteen feet high, and used to lay eggs ten inches long.

AN Atlantic liner on each trip from Liverpool to New York carries over 20,000 eggs, which are consumed by its passengers.

THE Chinese honour their guests by placing before them the oldest eggs obtainable, which are considered their greatest delicacy.

AN ostrich's egg, which weighs three pounds, is equal in bulk to about thirty hens' eggs, and is amply sufficient to provide a meal for ten men.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, who once kept a queen bee for fifteen years, tested its eggs, and stated they were as fertile at that age as when tested twelve years before.

A HEN's egg contains as much alimentary matter as one pound and a quarter of cherries or grapes, one pound and a half of apples, four pounds of pears, or two pounds of gooseberries.

ONLY two animals are known as egg-layers. They are found in Australia. The first is the ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus; the latter is the echidna, or porcupine and ant-eater.

THE approximate weight of the component parts of an egg are as follows: The shell, one-tenth; white, six-tenths; yolk, three-tenths. Egg, like fresh meat, contains 75 per cent. of water.

IN 1847, the year that the Cochon China fowl was introduced into England, its eggs were in such demand that when sold the eggs were placed in one scale and guineas in the other, each egg literally selling for its weight in gold.

DURING the middle ages, when the aristocracy of Florence and Venice were so tyrannous to their dependents, murder was considered as a small crime, and poisoning was so skilfully effected that many people lived almost entirely on boiled eggs.

Buy a copy of THE SUNDAY READER and you will regret not having bought it long before.

A LIFE'S WORK.

How can it be most Pleasantly and Profitably Passed?

I.—CLERKSHIP IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE life of a Civil Service clerk has been compared to the fountains in Trafalgar Square—one of play from ten till four. It may have been so in what are now but faintly remembered in the service—more as a tradition than anything else—as the “good old patronage days,” when rapid promotion and fixity of tenure on the office stool, or in the armchair of the chief clerk, until death or lunacy put an end to the compact, were regarded as certainties; and the only necessary qualification was, relationship to the head of the department.

But it is not so now. Competitive examinations, open to all who are British born or naturalised subjects of the Queen, the establishment of the School Board, and the introduction of the typewriter, have altered all that, and between them have sent the Civil Service to the dogs, both as regards work and pay—at least, such would be the unanimous verdict of the old bloods of half a century or so ago, if their opinion could be obtained on the point.

Nevertheless, to the moderately ambitious, fairly educated youth, the Civil Service, which gives employment to sixty thousand people, still offers a fair field in which, if fame and fortune may not often be won, all at least secure an assured income; for Her Majesty's Paymaster-General is pretty punctual in his payments, and the only fines or stoppages he makes are for income tax, in the payment of which the majority would be only too glad were the amount of their salaries sufficiently high to preclude them from claiming exemption.

But in addition to sure payment of salary, Civil Service clerks secure a position of respectability which employment by Government confers in every civilised country under the sun; and a pension with which to solace the infirmities of old age, benefits—the assured income and the pension—that count for something nowadays, considering that they are often never attained by medical and other professional men, no matter how hard they may struggle to win the one and to set aside sufficient for the other, and on whose education comparatively large sums of money have often been expended.

Since 1886 when the Civil Service was practically re-organised in accordance with the recommendations of the Royal Commission over which Sir Matthew White Ridley presided, the main body of clerks—termed Second Division Clerks, enter at the very small initial salary of £70 per annum. The annual increment is likewise excessively small, being but £5 per annum until the annual salary reaches £100, so that a successful candidate entering an office at the age of eighteen will be five-and-twenty before he is earning £2 per week. When, however, the century is reached, the annual increment is increased to £7 10s. until a salary of £190 per annum is arrived at, when the increment is further enlarged to £10 per annum, £250 in the lower, and £350 in the higher grade being the maximum salaries attached to offices filled by this class of clerk.

But beyond these there are staff posts, with salaries of £300 to £600, second-class clerkships rising to £500; first-class clerkships from £400 to £600; and principal clerkships from £650 to £800 and £1,000 per annum, to any of which it is possible for the Second Division clerks to succeed, although in extremely rare instances do they do so. In fact, it may without any exaggeration be said that a very large number of clerks in the Civil Service never reach a higher salary than £250 per annum, which princely “screw” moreover takes twenty-four years to attain.

But poor as the prospects of these clerks may appear, the Treasury, taking advantage of the work of the School Board in annually turning out thousands of youths sufficiently educated to perform mechanical duties as boy-clerks and copyists, have recently instituted a still lower grade, the members of which are termed assistant or abstractor clerks. Boy clerks and copyists enter at the age of fifteen at about 14s. per week, but on reaching the age of twenty are discharged, unless they are able to pass the examination for the Second Division or for the new grade—the assistant clerks, whose initial salary has been fixed at £55 per annum, with an annual increment of £2 10s. (or less than 1s. per week) to £70, when, by increments of £5 per annum, they rise to £100, and by promotion to the higher grade to the maximum of £150 after twenty-two years' service, or, rather, twenty-seven years' service if the period of their temporary service as boy clerk or copyist be reckoned.

Referring now to the higher division of clerks, there are occasionally a few clerkships offered for open competition with higher initial and maximum salaries and larger increments; but it requires a university education to pass the examination, and only those who have had the advantage of being educated at Oxford or Cambridge or some near equivalent should risk failure and consequent disappointment by entering the competition.

Parents, guardians, and intending candidates, who are free to decide for themselves, should adopt the advice of Captain Cuttle and “make a note of” the small initial salary and the long period of service the average Civil Service clerk has to undergo before he

reaches the maximum sum of less than £5 per week, and well ponder over these all important drawbacks before finally determining to select the Civil Service as a means of livelihood for their sons, their charges, or in the case of unfettered intending candidates, for themselves.

Candidates must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty years. For these appointments, as for most others, an open competitive examination has to be passed. The examination is not difficult in so far as the subjects are concerned, but it is exceedingly “tricky,” and those candidates who have not been well coached beforehand to answer the “catchy” style of questions put, are safe to be tripped up, and so stand but a sorry chance of being successful.

However smart a youth may be, or consider himself to be, as a penman, or at arithmetic, geography, history, orthography, composition, book-keeping, copying intricate manuscripts, indexing and docketing, and digesting returns into summaries, which together form the subjects of examination, he is strongly advised to seek the services—not of a local amateur—but of a good professional Civil Service coach, who is certain to pull him through, if he has the right “grit” in him, and is not a much greater dunce than he imagines.

If this advice be followed, the candidate will receive, apart from tuition, many valuable hints as to the examinations, of which there are two—the preliminary and final. The preliminary is held for the purpose of weeding out the “duffers.” It is a very easy affair compared with the final, which is generally held simultaneously in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and certain provincial towns, and occupies several days.

As a rule, a considerable time elapses before the result of the examination is announced, and the successful candidates generally have to wait as long again before they receive their appointments, although while waiting they are frequently temporarily employed as copyists.

Particulars regarding dates of examinations and necessary qualifications may be had on application to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster.

THE average girl will try to look unconcerned when she has ordered four dishes on the menu with French names and they all turn out to be potatoes cooked in different ways.

“Did you tell Miss Mobile that you considered me a prevaricator?”

“No, sir; no, sir! I told her that there were many well-authenticated instances where you had told the truth.”

WIFE: “Was that man ever a farmer?”

Husband: “No.”

Wife: “But he's always talkin' about the delights of livin' in the country.”

Husband: “Exactly. That's what shows he never was a farmer.”

TEMPERANCE MAN: “I was glad to observe that at the recent launching your vessel was christened with pure water, instead of wine.”

Old Salt: “That's so! I just said to myself: ‘Cap'n Seadog,’ says I, ‘this thing has got to stop. I ain't goin' to waste any more good liquor on such foolishness.’”

Better than the Best!

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is better than the best, and brighter than the brightest, of all other magazines. Its brilliant, artistic cover outshines every other paper on the bookshelves. Its contents are the work of the foremost authors and artists of the day.

The fiction in the February number, ready on Wednesday next, includes stories by Max Pemberton, Cutcliffe Hyne, E. and H. Heron, and W. L. Alden.

The articles are full of interest. “Photographing through a Fly's Eye” is the title of a remarkable paper, illustrated with photographs actually taken through the eye of a fly; “Authors at Play,” by G. B. Burgin, is illustrated with some amusing photographs showing how great writers amuse themselves; “Money of Many Lands” describes the curious coinage of various countries; “The Moslem at Prayer” is illustrated with novel photographs showing the eight positions of Mohammedan worship.

“The Damming of the Nile” is a paper of exceptional interest, describing the wonderful engineering feats shortly to be carried out, with a view to assisting in fertilising, cultivating, and generally improving the condition of the valley of the Nile.

“The Wonders of the Biograph,” illustrated with some novel photographs, tells the history of one of the most valuable inventions of the age. W. L. Alden writes on “Life's Little Mysteries”; Gambier Bolton, F.R.S., describes and illustrates a novel paper, “The Effect of Music on Animals”; while an article, entitled “90 Miles an Hour,” gives an interesting account of a new method of railway construction that bids fair to revolutionise the present system.

PEARSON'S is better than the best. It is published on the first of every month. It costs sixpence nett.

The Highest Cross in the World.

CROSSES are placed in all sorts of positions, but the monster structure that has recently been erected on the peak of the highest of the Hartz Mountains can certainly claim to be the highest cross in the world.

As a matter of fact the cross is a tower, and has been built more for the purpose of sightseeing than anything else. The tower stands on the Josephshöhe Mountain, and commands a magnificent view.

The mountain itself is 1,731 feet above the level of the sea, and the cross-tower is 120 feet high. The colossal structure rests on a quadrangle, shaped into an immense hall, to hold 500 people. A stairway of 200 steps leads to the top, but a hydraulic elevator makes the journey easier.

Shooting Big Fish.

GREAT excitement and sport is to be found in hunting the halibut, one of the largest of Pacific fishes, mostly found in the Straits of San Juan de Fuca.

The line-reel which is used at the stern of the boat resembles an old-fashioned well-lift. When hooked, the halibut draws the line slowly at first; but on finding that his progress is checked, it gives a vigorous jerk and speeds away at a furious rate.

When its efforts are fairly expended, the fish rises to the surface, churning the water all round it into foam, and presenting a somewhat startling sight for the amateur. The hunters lose no time in shooting the monster before it has time to disappear, but not until it is quite dead do they venture to draw it towards the boat.

The great halibut of the North-West coast sometimes attains a weight of 1,000 pounds, and is regarded as a dangerous game.

Sublime Impudence.

THERE was a fellow in Coolgardie who was strongly suspected of sheep-stealing. There were a good many cases of the mysterious disappearance of choice sheep from the flocks of the squatters, which were traced to his door; but, being a very wily and ingenious chap, he generally succeeded in proving an *alibi*, or some other defence, which reduced the charge to a mere suspicion.

At last, however, a squatter riding through the woods perceived the suspected sheep-thief steal from the thickets, and after looking to see that no one was near, walked up to a flock of sheep and deliberately knocked over the largest and fattest.

At this moment the squatter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed:

“Now, sir, I have got you! You can't get off, you are caught in the act.”

“What act?” inquired the thief.

“Sheep-stealing,” was the confident reply.

“Sir, you had better mind how you charge a respectable citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing,” replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton.

“Now, will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?” asked the squatter.

“No, sir,” was the prompt answer; “I did kill him, and I'd do it again. I'll kill anybody's sheep that bites me as I am going peaceably along the road!”

The fellow's impudence was so sublime that he escaped punishment.

The Power that would be Required to Move the Earth.

STATISTICIANS sometimes have queer ideas. One of them has amused himself by calculating how much energy, water and coal it would take to move the earth a foot, supposing that it was subjected throughout its mass to a force equivalent to terrestrial gravitation. This is a gratuitous supposition, for in spite of its enormous mass the earth weighs nothing.

Starting with the fact that the earth's mass is about 6,100,000,000,000,000,000 tons, our statistician calculates that we should require 70,000,000,000 years for a 10,000 horsepower engine to move our globe a foot.

The boiler that should feed this engine would vaporize a quantity of water that would cover the whole face of the globe with a layer 300 feet deep. The vaporization of this water would require 4,000,000,000,000,000 tons of coal.

This coal carried in trucks holding ten tons each, and having a total length of 30 feet, would require 400,000,000,000,000 trucks, which would reach 80,000,000 times round the earth. This train, moving at the rate of 40 miles an hour, would take more than 5,000,000 years to traverse its own length. It would require for storage a shed that would cover 1,000 times the area of Europe.

If we realise that this fantastically huge amount of energy is nothing at all compared with what the earth possesses in virtue of its rotation about its axis, its revolution about the sun, and its translation in space with the solar system, of which the earth is but an infinitesimal part, and which itself is but an infinitesimal part of the universe, we may get some idea of the importance of man in the universe, and estimate his incommensurable pride at its just value.

“A Countess who Devotes Wealth and Labour in the Gospel Cause” is the title of an exceedingly interesting article which appears in this week's SUNDAY READER.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

GOLD STEEL.

By M. P. SHIEL.

Author of "Prince Zaleski," "Empress of the Earth," etc.

WITH THE HELP OF THIS SUMMARY YOU CAN
BEGIN THIS STORY AT ONCE.

Bessie Ford.—A pious girl, devoted to her lovely younger sister, Laura. The amorous King, Henry VIII., having got a sight of Laura, Bessie is flying with her over the country from the King's searchers.

Mauro Calvo.—An alchemist, friend of Bessie, who directs the flight of the girls, and accompanies them.

Garrett Fitzgerald.—One of the King's searchers, a great warrior, who, while pursuing, is won by Bessie, and secretly loves her.

Macdonald.—Friend to Fitzgerald, and one of the King's searchers.

Marj Bonner.—Sweetheart of Laura, but also one of the searchers sent by the King with Macdonald and Fitzgerald.

Alvarado d'Ossorio.—A Spaniard who seeks Laura for political reasons, and a great fighter.

Anne Boleyn.—A lady who, aiming at queenship, has sent out searchers after Laura.

CHAPTER XV.

AT COLNBROOK.

SINCE Mauro Calvo knew that his westward course was now tracked by his pursuers, it entered his calmly meditative brain that his best way would be to make them pass him on the road and rush onward seeking him, while he, in his serene fashion, ambled after them at leisure on his mule. Therefore he made haste through the scented morning toward Colnbrook, where he had old acquaintance with a priest, and the girls followed at a canter.

In that day, when all travelling was by horse, everyone could ride. Laura's dark face flushed to carmine; her hair strayed in gossamer disarray; jollity was on her breath. And Bessie, seeing her so, a bright flash of galloping loveliness, still near her, was inwardly content.

Calvo said:
"By all that's rigolo, here's a beautiful occupation for a man like me!"

They were descending slowly a stony path through over-arching beeches.

"Oh, 'tis your exceeding wondrous goodness, Master Calvo!" said Bessie.

"A truce to my goodness, young woman. You have reason to talk of my goodness, methinks. Gadding over the country with two moppets on galloping tits behind me, and a lot of silly mad cattle on my track. What you call that?"

"Oh, Master Calvo, 'tis even exceeding abundantly gracious—"

"Well, well. Don't distress yourself—don't you see you bother and worry me? Everything gone to rack and ruin—all my plans—all gone. I had in my mind the doing of—a thing! Ha! And now, where is it?—gone! And I was just preparing an electrolyte for that old hag, Gammer Welch's, sore chest; now, I suppose, the old fool will die. And here am I gadding about this blessed morning with two young women—perfect strangers to me—and everything gone to perdition. And all through that mumping chuff of a King!"

Laura, behind, pulled a wrinkled nose and down-turned mouth at Calvo; and Bessie, shrinking painfully at every grumble, went with bent and guilty head.

They came to the top of Colnbrook village-street. It lay dozing in tranquil sunlight, three cows loitering down it.

They proceeded to the bottom, past the church, searching for the presbytere.

"Where the pestilence is the presbytere?" grumbled Calvo.

They came back, searching. An old gaffer, clad in hempen gaberdine, stepped from a door. To him Calvo spoke.

"Is Father Anstrewther still the priest here?"

"Aye," said the yokel.

"Where the pestilence is the presbytere?"

"Why, yonder, back o' the church, behind the rows of yews."

Thither they turned again, and found that the house lay quite concealed in a waving meadow-land behind three thickly-fouled lines of yews.

This was unfortunate for them, for three hours after they had been received by the good Father, Macdonald, galloping toward Colnbrook, spied the identical gaffer whom Calvo had questioned ditching by the roadside. And said he:

"Hast seen a pair of girls, with a man, pass riding, gaffer?"

"Aye, the same as went to the presbytere, no doubt."

"How long since?"

"Nigh on three hours, may be."

"'S death! they must have gone further by this. Come, Fitz, ride—to the presbytere!"

They clattered up the blinking, white street, which drowned in a languishment as of slow cud-chewing opium-eaters. Failing to find the house, they turned back, and questioned two women who, with elbows akimbo, expatiated by the gurgling pump. Far-sunken now, those two, down, down, into darkness; but there, on that hot mid-day in Colnbrook village-street, they did authentically discuss, full of cares, with rough, bare arms akimbo.

From the churchyard to the presbytere there wound a little path through the screen of yews. Along this went Fitz, Mac, and Bonner.

They were three hours behind the fugitives, for the reason that it had taken Fitz two hours to dig up the King's letters buried by Bessie at Kew.

The letters Fitz had given into the keeping of Bonner for safety, since he himself anticipated more fighting, and possible death.

But as for Bessie's missive—"The real and only Fitzgerald is sure a gentleman"—he had put it in his own pouch.

They had then taken to horse, and ridden hard to Colnbrook. And down the path through the yews they went to the presbytere.

"'Tis sure they are gone onward by now," said Mac, "for why should they linger here to be captured?"

"Sure enough," said Fitz.

"Except the good Bess tarry for confession before vespers," suggested Bonner.

"Tush," answered Mac, "you lisp like an urchin. Folk tarry not to make confession when fears urge them forward."

"Which proves that you know naught of Bess: for she's devout as a seraph, and bold as a dragon-fly."

"Being devout as a seraph, she hath nought to confess," said Fitz.

"Hath she not on her conscience the stealing of thy letters?"

"But being bold as a dragon-fly, she will cry 'buzz!' to her conscience."

"Oh, they will sure not be here," said Mac; "yet, no harm to question the good Father."

They had arrived at a low odd-gabled manse, buried in greenery; they knocked.

The Father in person opened. He was a broad-faced old man, red and stout, with defiant, autocrat eyes.

"What make you friends?" he asked aggressively.

"We seek a pair of girls and a wizard-man, who were here three hours gone, Father."

"By what authority?"

"By the King's."

"Deliver me your warrant."

"We have no warrant."

"Then are ye mere strolling Corinthians. Get you gone."

"Nay, 'tis insolently said, Father. Abase, prithee, that high stomach. Are the maidens here—yea or no?"

"And if they be? Here, Grip, at 'em, dog!"

The priest whistled. A huge band-dog bounded bristling from nowhere, and was sprawling in the air, making with vicious spring for Bonner's throat. But it dropped in two wheeling parts. Fitzgerald's sword had whisked through its neck.

"Father, are the maidens here—yea or nay? We take your sacred word," said Mac.

"I will not give it."

"Then we search the manse."

The priest clapped loudly three times.

"'Tis a signal to the fugitives, Fitz!" cried Mac. "They are here, sure!"

"In, then!" responded Fitz, with rising colour.

The two brushed past the priest, and went with prone outlook, ransacking every room and nook. Only one locked door checked them, and it was a great Gothic portal, of thick oak, barred and studded with iron—the entrance to the priest's library.

"They are behind this door," said Mac.

"'Tis so, Mac; but nought less than a culverin could bring it down."

"Hi, there, Hi!" cried Mac, pounding.

There was no answer.

"What now, Mac?" said Fitz. "By the Rood, I have a deadly thirst. Let us 'en ravish the curate's buttery."

"Nay, to the inn, Fitz. Escape us now they cannot, if once we get them from this hole. Let us away, and consult."

They started for the "Rose and Nettle," not fifty yards away; but the priest, jumping to a conclusion, hurried to the fugitives with the news that the searchers, failing to find them, had ridden off in further pursuit.

Mauro Calvo supposed that his scheme had now succeeded; he resolved to tarry there till night-fall, and then proceed leisurely on his way behind his pursuers.

Meantime, Macdonald, feeding at the "Rose and Nettle," said:

"Faith, Fitz, here's what I see not: wherefore squandered they three good hours waiting here?"

"Heaven knows. The alchemist tarried to marry with little Bess on the road, mayhap."

"They must have had some design, sure!"

"Heaven knows."

"I have explained to you that the good Bess tarried to confess," said Bonner, with demure smirk.

"To confess that she envies the kisses her sister hath sipped of thy cherry-lips, boyac!"

"Nay, 'tis rather (Ay rough warrior-busses that the little Bess would be after, for she hath writ thee a letter of amorous challenge, that laughs while it weeps; for saith she: 'The real and only Fitzgerald is sure a—'"

"A truce to that, boy!"

"But by the eleven Virgins!" cried Mac suddenly, "if the boy hath reason after all!"

"How mean you, Mac?"

"If Bess hath not indeed tarried to confess, but if, being for whatever reason here, she do confess!"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, then, we have her; and, having her, we have her sister."

"How have we her?"

"Gramercy! we seize her in the church!"

"Bah! Bess is too wary a wypo for that. If she be indeed bent upon confession, she steals like a wind to the church, and there hides in some locked nook of the sacristy, till her turn come."

"But as she kneels confessing, we grab her!"

"But the old priest whisks her into his box, and slams us out."

"Then we lay siege to the box!"

"He skiddaddles by some little door or trap-door, and leaves us whistling."

"Then, by blood and nails, we pinion the priest before-hand!"

"Say'st thou?"

"Aye, by thunder! We lie in wait about the manse, and as the old Father steps out, we gag and bind him. Then I don his robes and hie to the confession-box, there to wait till the lass comes kneeling, then I have her."

"Aye, 'twill do—if she come."

"She will—'tis odds she will. The boy, who knows her manners, says it. And 'tis her first occasion since she stole the letters."

"But 'tis I will don the curate's robes."

"Thou?"

"Aye, Mac."

"As thou wilt. But why not I?"

"Oh, I know not. Swipes! 'twere like a morris-dance o' May-day to hear Bess lisp confession!"

"But, Fitz, thou wilt not fail the King?"

"Fail? I?"

"Once afore has failed him with his letters, lad; a second time were a wee too much—"

"Sure, 'tis not to me thou pratest, Mac? I fail? By the sacred wounds! I'll pin the misproud little minx, I swear, as rudely as a beagle his hare o' Christmas Eve!"

Fitz said it angrily, and Mac went:

"H'm!"

All day they kept close in the inn till the dusk deepened, then they went out on foot.

As the Father put out a leg from his threshold, he was seized in vigorous arms. As his mouth opened to roar, it was dumb.

Without noise they laid him in a rear room of the presbytere, after taking his hat, surtout, and beads. Mac, with Bonner in tow, ran to lurk among the yews, if perchance Bessie should pass, that he might seize her.

Bessie, however, sat already in the church, easy of capture without the trick of the confessional; for she supposed the pursuing party gone far past Colnbrook by now, and an hour before the livers-in-wait had come to lurk among the trees round the manse she had gone openly to the holy place to string together and lay up for herself in heaven that day a long litany and treasure of devotions.

As for Fitz, he hied to the church in the black frock. As he passed, a sexton tending the graves doffed his hat. The evening dusk had deepened.

Through a side door Fitz flitted into the sacristy. He flung on indiscriminately the priest's alb and chasuble and stole, hanging there; thence he slipped by an open door into the confessional.

It was a small den, with one window and two doors. In two adjacent sides were two little gratings fitted with sliding shutters, one of them in one of the doors. Fitz made sure by trial that this door opened and swung freely, that he might pounce out with quick ease. In the den, by the gratings, were two high-backed, old brown-oak chairs. He sat, drew back a shutter, and his small blue eyes twinkled.

Then, with bowed head, came Bessie Ford, and inelt, with a "Prithee, Father, give me thy blessing, for I have sinned—"

There spread a pallor under the tan of Fitzgerald's face. The very last tints of the summer-evening sun shone through the stained needle-window, and lotioned her smooth hair in a vision of faint other-world hues.

Fitzgerald's will was on the spring to seize her then and there, but his body sat still. Imitating the priest's gruff voice, he bid her say her Act.

Then she confessed in a voice lowly as the moaning evening breeze.

It grew dark. The hues from the window were all lead grey; but his voice she knew and felt.

In his passion he made a movement to rush to her; a movement infinitely and and tragic in its final results. He had come to seize her, and she had won him; but his rush impressed her only with the fact that he had come to seize her.

A crazy instinct that his words of sympathy were only part of the whole ruse fitted instantly through her brain; and she was gone like a roe—he after her.

She dodged behind the sacristarium, leapt the altar-rail, and he lost her in the dark church. He went trotting after her, calling woefully: "Good Bess! Sweet Bess!"

Then out from the church he ran, his eyes swimming in tears, toward the yews; and to meet him ran Mac and Bonner.

Fitz put both hands on Mac's shoulders, holding him away.

"How now! the maiden, Fitz!"

"Oh, 'tis the rarest spirit!"

"Fitz, thou—!"

"Hear me, Mac; hear a man—"

"Hast sure not failed again, Fitz?"

"Hear me. We cannot hunt her more, nor thou, nor I. She said there was no ill in me, Mac; that the ill in me was not deep; 'oh, no, no,' said she."

"But, Fitz—"

"'Tis a very angel, Mac. She'd move and melt Beelzebub. Oh, if thou could'st hear but one half her gentle, gentle whisperings that I have heard but now!"

Mac's eyes glistened keen, like cold steel, between his lids in critical, close thought.

"Well, and what said she?"

"She said that for love of the little Sis, Mac, she'd brave, not only the wrath of ten thousand Kings, but the eternal wrath of Heaven!"

"Well, 'twas boldly said."

"And she said that like goss-hawks hunting a poor little linnet—a poor little fluttering linnet, Mac, coz—so thou and I were hunting her!"

"Said she that?"

"The little thing, Mac! the little helpless soul, my friend. Oh—no more! no more!"

"I avouch, 'tis piteous."

"Aye, but hear the whole! Hear a man out! She said 'twas not foully done, Mac. 'Nay,' said she, 'by my credit, I say not 'tis foully done; for they but do the King's behests, being his sworn men.'"

"Said she that, verily?"
"She said it, Mac! She sought pretexts and loving pleadings for rude, unmanly tykes like thee and me."
Mac's glinting eyes moved between their lids, in close, keen reflection.

"Well, 'twas finely said."
"Then draw thy sword, Macdonald!"
"And wherefore?"
"Bonner, boysie, draw thy sword!"
"But wherefore?" reiterated Mac.
"To take oath with me, who am thy true friend and single, James Macdonald. Hunt her without me thou wilt not, sure; and hunt her more with me thou shalt not! Swear, then, with me, that we escort them into safety now, and now and always, with our bodies do succour, shield, and champion them against Cardinal, or Pope, or King, with all their dastard myrmidons. Swear—wilt thou?"
"Nay, but this is rash impulse that will pass. Faith, faith, I act not in that way, Fitz."

Fitz put his arm close about his friend's neck.
"Come, Mac, come, coz—for me, if not for her. Drop that hard brow, and be still thy old friend's friend. Else draw thy blade and stick me!"
Fitz persuaded, as he fought, like a whirlwind. He had a will as passionate as the will of Bessie Ford, whom he championed.

"Fitz! Fitz!" said Mac, "hast weighed all the awful consequences of this change? The King—"
"Consequences! King! But nay, Mac; men of rich blood think not of Kings and consequences. Never, lad, never! A poor little thing, in sore distress, most chaste, most sweet, braving all alone in her innocence the high Puissances of the land that hunt her, hath need of us. Consequences, quotha?"

Mac studied the ground with slanting frown, perplexed. Suddenly he throw up his head. His pressed lips were smiling.

"'Tis heroically said, Fitz, lad! But remember; I, if I swear, abye my oath, not for a day or two, but for ever."
"For ever, aye! There 'twas Mac that spake! Draw, draw, my brave!"

In a moment three swords, with rushing sound, went leaping into the air. Three mouths kissed the hilts.

"I swear!" cried Mac.
"I swear!" cried Bonner.
"I swear!" cried Fitz.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ESCAPE.

THE swords dropped into their scabbards.
"Our first gear must be to hie to the manse," said Fitz, "and acquaint them that we fight row, not against, but for them."

"This night shall I see Laura!" cried Bonner, with backward-shaken head and wriggling locks; "we shall have long rendezvous beneath the trees."

"And to-morrow the good Father here shall wed ye. Only, who then shall be my sweetheart, when Laura takes thee from me?"

"I will give thee the little Bess," said Bonner with his smirk.

"A truce to that, boy!" growled Fitz.

And Mac went:

"H'm!"

They ran up the three green-black wooden steps of the front gable, and into the manse.

"What if they be gone?" said Mac.

"But nay, Bess, cannot have yet returned from the church to bid them fly," said Fitz; "thou and Bonner must have spied her in her coming. They will be here."

Bess, however, had returned. From the church, dreading an ambush among the yews, she had warily made a wide, breathless detour, speeding down the village street, and so round to the back of the manse. She had entered it with the word "fly" panting to start from her tongue-tip.

In her passage, she saw the priest lying bound on the floor. A bitter "Fie! Oh, fie!" directed against Fitzgerald, passed her lips. Wild as she was to be away, she stopped, and in an agony of flurry freed the kerchiefed mouth and bound limbs. A moment after, in the room where Calvo sat, the palpitating prone word burst loose, and "Fly!" she cried, "Oh, fly!"

Hence, when the three searchers now approached the great library door, they saw it, this time, open. At the same moment the old priest, with quick step, and menacing scowl, came up. He lifted his hand to utter anathemas.

"Nay, 'tis useless, Father," said Fitz, "now we are nothing but your friends. Where lurk the maidens and the wizard-man?"

"Gone, ye liburns! gone, ye daws——!"

"Bah! 'tis false."

But it was true. The next moment, hearing a thud of hoofs, all rushed to a library-window to see.

From a little out-house, where the mule and horses had been secreted, the girls and Calvo were just galloping off.

Fitzgerald sent after them a passionate cry:

"Hi! good Bess, halt! Hi, girl, hi!"

Two seconds, and the fugitives were hidden behind trees.

"And we without a blessed nag!" moaned Fitzgerald.

"To our inn, Fitz, for the steeds!" cried Mac. "They ride but sorry tits; in ten minutes we shall be up with them!"

Back to the Rose they ran, were delayed some minutes in trapping their horses, and paying their score, then mounted, and, with loose reins, were away.

As they went off, the landlord, lounging by the inn-door, remarked to a neighbour:

"So save me! there be briks riding about country to-day with one and another of them!"

"What's stirring?"

"'Tis my question, too. Yon's the third cavalcade to-day. This morning, fore-day, comes a troop of three

gallants, and to one: 'Landlord, hast thou in herbage two maidens a-horse, with bare heads, and a man a-mule in skull cap?' 'No, ko I. 'Then, ko he to his mates, 'are they fled onward to Slough,' and away they hie. Then, it being three in the afternoon, come those three who have even now ridden off; and it is twenty minutes ago, another five, with the self-same question anent the two maidens with bare head, and the man in skull-cap."

"What answered you to those?"
"Why, that I knew naught of the matter. 'Then,' ko one of the five, 'are they fled onward to Slough.' And away in deathly haste they hie."

"Why, 'tis a very plague of scampering cross-country cavalades!"

"'Tis so."
"But hold! did not Dame Higginbottom's grandchild aver that old Gaffer Meux had babbled somewhat of three folks asking the way to the manse——?"

"By St. Hubert!" cried the landlord, "I'm a lost spirit if here comes not yet another troop o' them——!"

In a minute a sweating cavalcade of six drew rein at the inn-door. They desired to know whether the landlord knew aught of a party of two maidens with bare head, and a man in skull cap. They were Alvarado's party, with Sir John Perrot and four others.

The foreday party of three of whom the landlord spoke were Wolsey-gallants; the evening party of five were Anne's emissaries—Percy of Northumberland, with four serving-men.

At about eleven that night Du Ballay arrived at Colbrook, with a party of six knights.

Meantime, even as mine host of the Rose answered the fierce queries of Sir John Perrot, Fitz, Mac, and Bonner with loose rein were hot in loving pursuit upon the trail of the fugitives.

But now the twilight had deepened almost into night and the girls were quite lost to sight.

Calvo, in the urgent moment of his flight, had left the main Bath Road, and now was travelling hotly through bye-ways, across country, with a very vague idea of his direction.

"Hide, Mac, like furies!" cried Fitz. "Miss them now we must not! Spur, spur, Bonner!"

"An we miss them, captured they will be, certes, wizard or no wizard," answered Mac. "Royal Harry will sweep the country with fifty, with fifty thousand men an need be, till he have them. Anyway, Fitz, we've entered on a biggish game of shovel-board!"

They went in single file, pattering through a winding lane of soft, dried mud. In reality, they were in no danger of missing the fugitives; for they were galloping in the right direction, though on a different path; and their cattle were travelling greatly faster.

And, suddenly, clear sheen overspread the country from a risen moon, and as they came to a wide level of hedged meadow-land, out cries Macdonald:

"There Fitz, are they—near ahead, to the left!"

"Oh, they are pursued!" exclaimed Mac with conviction; "there's fighting, Fitz!"

Still further to the left, galloping obliquely upon the fugitives, appeared a party of cavaliers, five in number, somewhat nearer to the fugitives than Fitz and Mac. They were Percy of Northumberland, and his four.

There was nothing to do but cut them off, by taking three hedges, a five-barred gate, and the intervening fields. And at the first bend of the path, over a bramble-hedge with easy vault slid Fitz, and over after him, in supple succession, slid Mac and Bonner with easy vaults.

And now, with deep-driven spur, they scampered across field, bounding the hedges in supple succession, Fitz foremost. And: "Hi there, stop, stop, or we fight!" called Fitzgerald, in clear bell-tones when he was near. But young Percy, not being of a mettle that stops, advanced; and in another moment there sounded the shock of their meeting.

Percy's men were themselves galloping in mid-field, but, intent upon the fugitives, had held their course till nearly the last. They were, therefore, caught in demi-flank, and at once two riderless horses went trotting across the meadows.

Two fighting-men fastened upon Macdonald, and the steels of Fitz and Percy met. Bonner, too, with chilly heart, had drawn sword, and, at the first shock, given one blind hack at someone's armoured back without effect. Then, as if of its own accord, his horse had backed, and quiet sat Bonner with lifted sword, and vigilant eyes, and panting nostrils, as who should say: "Twere dangerous to approach me, yet pritheo do it not."

At the same time, Mac did battle with a demi-lance on one flank, a bill on the other. Under these conditions, his defence was as faulty as the light was dim. The lance pricked his horse's shoulder, in the rear-up he received a wound through his mail on the breast-bone, and he tumbled backwards over his croupe.

That moment would have been Percy's last—for his battle-axe was wheeling high in air, and Fitz had heaved his two-handed sword almost behind his back to hew once and make an end—but there rang a shrill, affrighted cry of "Clubs! clubs!" and the blow did not descend. The cry was Bonner's, upon whom Mac's victors were riding full. Like tempest flew Fitzgerald to his aid, and it was astonishing in what swift succession the two men tumbled dead.

Of one he ripped the abdomen; the other he split through helm and brain. At once he turned back to Percy; but Percy saw, not only Fitz, but Mac running upon him on foot; and he was wounded in the forearm, and weaponless. He at once turned and fled.

Mac's trained horse, meantime, had run away but a short distance. The three, without delay, started in renewed chase after the girls.

But in the short interval of the fight, Mauro Calvo had descended behind a hill slope, and there cunningly changed his course. Fitz, Mac, and Bonner scoured the country till far into the morning; but the dear fugitives were lost to them.

(To be continued.)

HEARING HEAT AND COLOUR.

AN APPARATUS TO TELL THE TEMPERATURE BY SOUND.

It is only a comparatively few people who possess the remarkable faculty of hearing colour; but an electrical instrument has been invented now by means of which the various ranges of temperature may be heard in an ordinary telephone receiver.

The apparatus is very simple in construction, the external appearance being like an ordinary electric battery box, similar to those used in sick rooms. From one side of the box extends a long insulated wire, carrying a small coil of bare wire at the end of it, and, from the other side, wires hold a telephone receiver. The latter is held to the ear so that the temperature into which the bare coil is thrust may be heard.

When using the instrument, the listener looks at a dial on the battery box, and sets particular attention to the buzzing noise caused by the heat or cold acting on the bare wire.

Suppose, for instance, that we wish to ascertain the temperature of a pail of water. The bare wire is thrust into the water, and the observer places the telephone to his ear. There is a hand pivoted in the middle of the dial face. This is turned from figure to figure on the dial, and whilst the pointer does not happen to be at the figure representing the temperature of the water, there is a continuous loud buzzing sound in the receiver.

As the pointer nears the figure indicating the correct temperature, the buzzing sound becomes fainter, until, when it comes opposite, it stops altogether. As soon as the buzzing stops the observer knows that the temperature of the water has been found.

Various interesting experiments have been tried with the instrument—the temperature of rooms, a man's body, ice, in fact almost everything being indicated with remarkable accuracy. The instrument is now in use in a number of warehouses for the purpose of finding out the temperature of the various rooms without opening them. In the old days it was necessary to keep the refrigerating plant operating under high pressure all the time, it being impossible to tell the temperature of any particular room without first opening it.

The new thermometer will doubtless be of much value in factories where furnaces and ovens are used. It can be made to ring an alarm, and hence would be invaluable in the powder magazine of a war ship. In fact, it will be appreciated in any situation where increases of heat or cold must be known at once.

One of the most remarkable of mental processes is the faculty possessed by a good percentage of people of experiencing the sensation of colour in association with certain sounds, the colour seen being definite and invariable for the same sound.

In the first place, there is a crude colour sensation, often very beautiful, associated with certain sounds, such as each of the vowel sounds, musical notes, or particular musical instruments. In the second place, there are colour sensations whenever letters or written words (symbols of sound) are spoken or thought of, so that when the word is uttered the subject visualises the letters, each having a distinct tint.

Our Paper Patterns
are Gratis!WE GIVE THEM AWAY—WE DO NOT
SELL THEM.

THE above is not merely a trick of phrasing to catch your eye. It is a fact. Every week, with HOME NOTES

A FASHION SUPPLEMENT IS
PRESENTED.

It contains sixteen pages of fashion designs, by the BEST artists, many of whom are exclusively engaged. These designs are cut by the first modellers of the day, and

READERS MAY OBTAIN ALL OF THE
PATTERNS GRATIS

by sending a coupon for each.

Note the liberality of the offer. We do not undertake merely to present one pattern—which perhaps you do not require—but we give you a choice of over twenty.

Have you never wished to have

A PRACTICAL TALK WITH AN
EXPERIENCED DRESSMAKER?

All the writers in the HOME NOTES Supplement have enjoyed a wide experience. Of course, they cannot visit each reader personally, but they can AND DO give you the benefit of their advice in that little paper, and in most cases their remarks are made clear by explanatory diagrams.

PAVILION GOSSIP.

NORTHUMBERLAND has beaten Cheshire under the Rugby Union five seasons in succession.

DURING the coming summer a team of Rugby players from the old country will visit Australia.

UP to the time of writing the Bristol City Club have won no fewer than eleven matches this season by the odd goal.

ONLY once has there been a difference of more than a goal between the two Sheffield League clubs in their many meetings.

THOSE great rivals, Glasgow Rangers and the Celtic, have met four times this season, the gates averaging £1,030 for each match.

ONE of the big football clubs in America has adopted a mechanical contrivance for teaching the players how to tackle an opponent.

FORREST, who played at centre half for the Blackburn Rovers in their hey-day, was as nimble as a cat. He once jumped clean over a player who endeavoured to dispossess him of the ball, and continued on his way.

ROYAL ARTILLERY, Portsmouth, have been very unlucky in their Southern League matches. Had they been able to add one goal to their score in nine matches they would have added nine points to their League total.

THE brothers James, whose play at half-back contributed so much to England's defeat by Wales at Swansea, have two younger brothers, who at present are performing very well at half for the second fifteen of the Swansea Football Club.

NICHOLAS ROSS, the most famous member Preston North End has ever possessed, had no part in winning for the club the blue ribbon of the League and the English Cup. He had migrated to Everton at the beginning of that season, but he soon returned to his old love.

THE Swansea F.C., the unbeaten champions of Wales, have arranged to visit Paris to play the Stade Français on Sunday, April 16th. The news has aroused intense indignation throughout religious circles in the principality. It is characterised as an attempt to foist a Continental Sunday on religious Wales.

THE Liverpool Club, in the ten days covering the Christmas and New Year holidays, met five strong clubs in the League, and scored nine points out of ten. Their opponents, all of whom were playing at home, were Blackburn Rovers, West Bromwich Albion, Notts County, Sheffield Wednesday, and Sheffield Union.

PLAYERS have been suspended during the present season with unpleasant frequency, but it is a novelty to hear of a referee being suspended in the ordinary way for a month. The knight of the whistle to earn this unenviable distinction by his weak and stupid handling of teams representing Swanage and Wareham hails from Dorset.

WHEN the Hon. A. F., now Lord Kinnaird, captained the Old Etonians against the Blackburn Olympic in the final for the English Cup in 1883, and proved himself the best player on either side, he had reached the age of thirty-six. Lord Kinnaird, who is now fifty-one, took part last December in a match between a team of Old Internationals and Charterhouse School.

THE International between England and Scotland is played alternately in London and the provinces when due to take place in England. This year it is the turn of the provinces, and the scene of the encounter, which is fixed for April 8th, will be the Aston Villa ground, which will be so arranged as to accommodate 56,400 spectators, at a financial yield of £4,087 10s.

THE Rangers F.C. have accomplished a record this season which is unique in the annals of the game. When Preston North End achieved their undefeated triumph in the English League, their record included four drawn games; but the Rangers have gone through the Scottish League Competition with an unbroken line of victories, registering thirty-six points in eighteen games.

PREVIOUS to their victory at Turf Moor over Burnley on January 7th, Stoke had not won a League match away from home since they defeated the same club on January 9, 1897. On the previous Saturday Stoke had defeated Aston Villa—who were ultimately League champions—by three goals to nil, and it is a strange coincidence that the Potters should have beaten Aston Villa—who are again favourites for the championship—by exactly the same score on December 31st, the Saturday previous to the Burnley match.

THE referee difficulty is reaching a crisis, so frequent have become the discreditable scenes in which the occupant of this thankless post has been the object of vituperation and violence. Many suggestions with a view to avoiding these constant disputes have been made, and two of them deserve more than passing attention. One is that there should be separate goal judges to decide when the ball has crossed the line, and the other proposes that there should be a referee in each half of the ground, at the same time dispensing with linesmen.

A Terrible Pest of Flies at Sea.

IN the Indian Ocean vessels occasionally run into vast fields of seaweed. These weeds are the home of a large and voracious species of the dragon-fly. Attracted by the fumes of sugar cargoes on ships, the flies will swarm upon the decks in millions. Thousands of them penetrate the hold and feast upon the sugar. Big enough to do mischief, they sometimes get savage and attack the crew.

There is a case on record in which a terrible pest of flies lasted for five days. Then far up in the sky the desperate sailors saw a flock of birds circling. They were a mighty army of "boatswain's birds," the deadly foe of the dragon-fly of the Indian Ocean. Upon the pest these birds chiefly subsist. They had scented their ancient enemy, and just as the steamer was directly under them they swooped down. These birds of the sea resemble a dove, but are much larger. They have long tails and sharp beaks.

Against the crew's timely rescuers the flies had no chance; they were eaten by the "boatswains" as quickly as a flock of fowls dispose of their daily meal of corn, and soon there were not enough of the flies to cause further trouble.

THE £100 PRIZE WON AGAIN!

Tell All Your Friends About It!

This week the £100 prize has been carried off in its entirety by

Mr. W. HOLLIS,

40 Well Street,

Poplar, E.,

whose sheet of 20 coupons contained TWO which were absolutely correct.

Football Prizes of
£1,000, £100, £25.

THE Football Clubs named below play on Saturday, February 4th. To the reader who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. In the event of two or more being correct the money will be divided.

If no competitor gives a quite correct solution TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS will be divided amongst those nearest. If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times consecutively we will make him a further present of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Football Coupon No. 23.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 4th.
Cross out which you consider will be the losing clubs. For a draw don't cross out either.

1 Sheffield United	✓ 2 Bury.
3 Newcastle United	✓ 4 Burnley.
5 Liverpool	✓ 6 Stoke.
7 Notts Forest	✓ 8 Notts County.
9 Bolton Wanderers	✓ 10 Everton.
11 Derby County	✓ 12 Wolverhampton Wan.
13 West Bromwich Albion	✓ 14 Sunderland.
15 Burnley Port Vale	✓ 16 Newton Heath.
17 Glossop North End	✓ 18 Woolwich Arsenal.
19 Brighton United	✓ 20 New Brompton.
21 Reading	✓ 22 Tottenham Hotspur.
23 Swindon	✓ 24 Bristol City.
25 Royal Artillery	✓ 26 Chatham.
27 Corinthians	✓ 28 St. Bernards.
29 Ireland	✓ 30 England.
31 Oxford University	✓ 32 Richmond.

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or the ATHLETIC RECORD. In the latter paper will be found valuable hints as to which side is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's final decision.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, February 4th, first post. Any envelope bearing a postmark later than Friday, February 3rd, will be disqualified.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to FOOTBALL No. 21, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Have you seen the new football coupon in the ATHLETIC RECORD? It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with this surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

Each copy of the ATHLETIC RECORD contains a coupon available for eighteen extra forecasts. There is no need for you to send a shilling to us for a sheet of twenty coupons, unless you prefer to do so. It will be cheaper and save the trouble of letter-writing to buy a copy of the RECORD and fill in the coupon for just as many attempts as you care to make.

Get a copy of the ATHLETIC RECORD and see for yourself.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOMEBODY.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie has some Hibernian blood in her veins, being the descendant of an Irish soldier of fortune, who made a name for himself in Spain.

MR. W. S. GILBERT cultivates other things besides the muse of poetry. He is an amateur agriculturist, and takes great delight in his Jersey cows, of which he is very proud.

THE Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has had the rather uncommon experience of having three mothers-in-law during her married life—her husband's father, the Duke of Argyll, having been married three times.

PRESIDENT KRUGER's insensibility to physical pain is very great. Four years ago he was kept awake one night by toothache, and he extracted the tooth himself in the middle of the night by means of a pair of pincers which he hunted up in the kitchen.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY RAWSON, now in command of the Channel Squadron, is the youngest officer of that rank in the British Navy. His first exploit was in the operations against China in 1858; his latest was the Benin Expedition.

THE Kaiser intends to add the study of astronomy to his other multitudinous hobbies. Since he visited the observatory at Potsdam the other night, he has made arrangements for the placing of astronomical instruments in one of the top rooms of the Palace.

M. GEORGE CHIRIS, the betrothed husband of Mlle. Lucie Faure, the daughter of the French President, belongs to a family that has been engaged in the perfumery trade at Grasse for several generations. He is the possessor of a large fortune, as his father made a lot of money in the production of essential oils for perfumes.

ONE of the most noticeable characteristics of the King of Portugal is, that he is perpetually smoking. Whenever you see him, except on very important State occasions, he has a cigar in his mouth; and no sooner does the glowing ash get within warming distance of the Royal nose, than it is replaced by another. Dom Carlos is a good conversationalist and a keen sportsman.

MADAME MODJESKA, the famous actress, is one of the few people who can do two entirely opposite things at the same moment. She will sit upon the stage apparently writing a letter that causes her the greatest grief and agony—the tears running down her cheeks and the sobs shaking her whole frame—and on the paper that lies before her she draws funny caricatures of persons she knows.

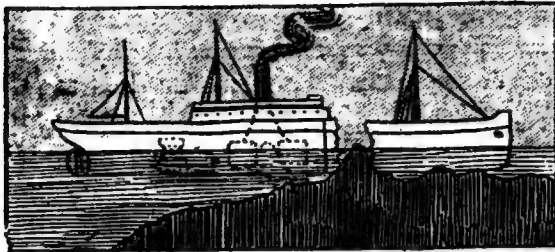
THE Countess of Warwick has a pair of horses that are the envy of Society. They are magnificent white Arabian steeds, and are a perfect match, although they came into her possession at different times. She had one, and the late Baron Rothschild had another; the latter discovered that they were a match, and offered to purchase Lady Warwick's at her own price, but as she would not part with her steed he made her a present of his.

QUEEN WILHELMINA does not intend to be a mere figurehead in her kingdom, and do just what her Ministers say is the proper thing to be done; she intends to have some voice in matters of State. A woman's nature has just shown itself in her with reference to the design for new coinage; she has rejected two designs, in the one case because her effigy was too young, and in the other case for exactly the opposite reason.

THE Duke of Connaught is a rigid disciplinarian, even in his own home circle, and punctuality is one of his great points. On one occasion he had arranged to attend a military entertainment with the Duchess and his daughters. They were to start in the carriage at a certain time, but when their parents and the carriage were ready the young ladies had not finished dressing; the Duke refused to wait, and as the Duchess would not go without them, he went off alone.

QUEEN HENRIETTE OF BELGIUM is another European sovereign who has had a full share of the sorrows of life. At forty her hair was white. Her son, the Duke of Brabant, died so suddenly that it was rumoured that he had been poisoned; her son-in-law, Rudolph of Austria, committed suicide; her favourite nephew, Prince Baduin, whom she had learnt to love like a son, was killed in Brussels; and her demented sister, the Empress Carlotta, lives in a gloomy chateau, where the Queen bestows the greatest care upon her.

PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES—or Princess Carl of Denmark, as she now is—always had the reputation of being the most humorous member of the family, and she apparently intends to maintain the reputation. Noticing, on a certain occasion, that a gentleman was taking notes, she waited until he looked towards her and then wrote very deliberately on a piece of paper, twisted it up and threw it away. The observer, seizing the first opportunity, and quite oblivious of the watchful eyes of the Princess, picked up the slip of paper and read it. On it was written: "How I should like to be a reporter!"



This ship was split on a rock, the stern half was floated and steamed back into port.

Floating Half a Ship.

THERE was considerable excitement along the banks of the Tyne not many days ago, the object of interest being a very strange-looking craft that sailed up the river, a ship—or what was left of her—that had evidently been in trouble at sea, and was returning to port with as much speed as the captain could get out of her.

She was the queerest-looking object that sailors of fifty years' experience had ever seen, and at first there was no designating her. Her form puzzled the patriarchs of the local marine world as they stood with their glasses to their eyes endeavouring to unravel the floating mystery; her wobbling about in the water as she progressed through the intricate passages on the crowded river in places made one's eyes dance with fear, while her mode of propulsion, being altogether so very different from that identified with ships or craft proper, caused crowds to run alongside the banks of the river, or wherever they could, in their anxious endeavour to find out how she was being steered.

She did not appear to have a proper bow or stern; on the contrary, she looked like a battered-up piece of old black hull that had somehow got loose from the bottom, and was floating anywhere and plunging anyhow at the mercy of chance.

As you know, steamships create a disturbed wake with their propellers aft, but this freak ship made a curious churning at her bow, like a spaniel paddling himself along with his paws.

It turned out afterwards that this marine prodigy was all that was left of the fine steamer *Milwaukee*, which had only two days previously left the Tyne for foreign ports and on the second day struck the rocks at Cruden Scaurs with a tremendous crash, when going at full speed.

A sharp-toothed rock penetrated into her keel and stood up eight feet high in the main hold. In this deplorable condition it looked as if the big steamship was a total loss.

But this accident simply served the purpose of causing the most remarkable salvage feat in the world. It was seen that no ordinary operation could save her, so the daring representative of the underwriters who went out to inspect her hit on a brilliant idea; it was the last chance.

He determined to blow the ship in two with dynamite, and attempt to float off the stern end, which contained the ship's machinery and steering gear.

This part of the ship was quite free from water, owing to the watertight bulkheads. There was no hesitation, no waiting, and so the work commenced at once at imminent risk and peril not only to the disabled ship, but to those who were about to engage in the hazardous work.

Fifty feet forward of the stokehold bulkhead, which still remained intact, operations were begun to cut the ship in two. Charges of dynamite were spread about the ship, each charge varying in bulk according to the thickness of the steel sides to be broken. One especially troublesome plate took several pounds of dynamite to sever it.

The salvage party naturally proceeded with their work very carefully, only being able to do a little bit at a time, so it was not till at the end of the third or fourth week that the last explosion took place which finally divided the ship.

As the after-end of the leviathan floated off the rock into deep water, the crew and workers set up a great cheer.

The Cruden Scaurs, it may be said, are rocks lying off the Scottish coast.

The forward end of the ship, of course, was left on the rocks to be battered into splinters by the wintry seas.

Having so far succeeded in their work, the next thing the breaking-up party did was to put the machinery in the floating end in order. All the essential parts of the ship were unharmed; the boilers, engines, dynamos, and the propeller and steering gear were all intact.

The great ragged end where the amputation of the bow had taken place, was patched up as well as possible with iron sheeting below the water-line and with tarpaulin above. Now steam was got up and thus she started stern first for her home port, crawling up the river when she got there in the most extraordinary fashion, zigzagging and pitching about in a stupendous manner.

Another strange fact in connection with this ship is, that she is having a new fore-end built to her present half, and when the whole is completed she will be as good as ever.

Don't Go to South Africa.

At the present time it is calculated there are 10,000 people out of employment in Johannesburg and district. Shoals of letters have been written to the home papers by prominent men in all parts of Africa, pointing out the difficulties which exist at the present time in making a living, much less making a fortune, in the Transvaal.

Editors have devoted leading articles to the subject, advising people to be careful before relinquishing a moderate certainty in the old country for a most perilous uncertainty in South Africa. Johannesburg just now is in such a condition as few other cities have ever presented.

Trade is paralysed, business of all description is at a standstill, mines are closing down daily, many of the most prominent are just keeping the fires burning, and hundreds of people are absolutely starving. A walk round the parks in Johannesburg will give some slight idea of the present distress, the groups occupying the benches, their pallid drawn cheeks and lack-lustre eyes, the hopeless way in which they glance at the passers-by all tell their own sad tale.

A New Game for Parties.

A NEW social diversion, known as a cobweb party, has been recently introduced. The way in which it is conducted is as follows:

A pretty artistic Japanese card of invitation is issued. Upon the card is artistically designed a strange device in cobwebs, accompanied by the inevitable spider.

All the interrogatories on the arrival of the guests are left unanswered, and they look sleepily into one another's faces as they try to make out the meaning of a number of coloured ribbons attached to the chandelier suspended from the centre of the drawing-room ceiling.

Each ribbon is ticketed with the name of one or other of the assembled guests. The whole bunch hang loosely to the ground, and appear to lead off in different directions, their destinations being concealed by a number of rugs carelessly scattered about the apartment.

After the curiosity of the guests is sufficiently aroused the hostess condescends to explain that as soon as the names and numbers of the guests had been decided upon an equivalent number of coloured ribbons had been selected and fastened to the centre of the chandelier in the drawing-room.

Each ribbon was then carried through various parts of the house and twisted round different pieces of furniture, a handsome and costly prize being secured to the end of each ribbon.

The hostess then allots her guests a ribbon apiece and tells them to commence winding it up into a neat ball.

"You will continue the operation," she concluded, "until you reach the end of your ribbon and secure your prize. You will then return to the drawing-room and receive my congratulations."

If the house and immediate grounds be large the task undertaken is by no means an easy one. Guests are all eager to trace out the hidden prize, and young ladies will find themselves and their ribbons very quickly in an inextricable mass of confusion with young gentlemen, and soon, if the guests be good-humoured, mirth hilarious prevails and disentanglement becomes at once one of the fine arts.

When you think all is going along like a house on fire probably will come your first check. Your ribbon will be passed through a hole in the floor or you will find it wound dozens of times round the antlers of a stag in the passage a long way above your reach.

Love quarrels are said to be delightfully adjusted through the medium of this ingenious house game.

Sooner or later the various guests reach their goal. According to the wealth and position of the hostess, so are the value of the prizes.

After supper, it is not unusual to again fasten the ribbons to the chandelier, when an impromptu maypole dance brings to a successful termination a good evening's fun.

"I NEVER heard of an artist being attacked by robbers."
"What's the use? They seek somebody worthy of their steal."

NELLIE: "I always walk a mile every afternoon for my complexion."

Kellie: "I thought the chemist's was at the corner below!"

"THERE are two men who will never die of water on the brain."

"Why not?"

"Soaker never uses water and Charlie hasn't any brain."

"Got anything you want sharpened, gents?" inquired the aged pedlar with the razor paste.

"Yes," replied the smart youth, at the desk near the door. "You can sharpen our wits, if you want to, old man."

"Got to have something to work on, gents," the old man said, as he looked round the room, shook his head pityingly, and walked away.

Lizards that Grow New Eyes.

THE Tuatara lizard of New Zealand is said to be one of the most ancient forms of animal life now existing. It originally possessed four eyes, but now has to be contented with but two. It lays eggs, and these take no less than thirteen months to hatch out, the embryos passing the winter in a state of hibernation.

These remarkable animals are found only in one or two places in the colony, and they are rapidly becoming scarce, as collectors from every part of the world are continually on their track. They are about eighteen inches in length, and, like many of the lizards, are said to have the characteristic of being able to replace portions of their limbs, etc., which have been destroyed. One owned by Mr. Carl Hanser, of Awanui, had the misfortune to lose an eye some time ago, and now a complete new eye, as perfect as the undamaged one, has grown in the place of that lost.

While the eye was developing the lizard seemed to be no more inconvenienced than a human being is in the growing of finger nails or hair.

RESULT OF DISTRIBUTION No. 24.

NONE of the persons whose names were selected in connection with the Note Distribution Scheme this week applied. They are:

E. W. Anderton, 64 High Street, Maybole, Ayrshire.
Thomas Barlow, 5 Castle View, Dudley.
B. Cooke, 2 Warren Road, Hoylake.
S. Davey, 9 Camden Street, Plymouth.
J. Edmonds, 86 Piccadilly, W.
James Higgins, 8 Grattan Street, Cork.
James Little, 17 Keir Street, Edinburgh.
H. Stubbs, 19 Roupell Street, Lambeth, S.E.
J. Taylor, 43 Hoxton Square, N.
Alfred Wymer, Town Green, Yarmouth.

THIS COMPETITION IS NOW CLOSED.

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway, Football, and Cycling Insurance.

474 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1000—not for one only.

£1000 SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon to be found on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Bills No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

W. E. Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent or to the publisher, need not during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE and also of the FOOTBALL and CYCLING INSURANCES, has been paid up to February 28th, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Cycling and Football Accident, under the conditions named in the notice above.

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

Rich. S. Faull

How the Opinions of Great People are Obtained?

ONE sees published in the daily and weekly papers so many letters written by men and women of moment testifying to the excellence of certain proprietary articles, that the question naturally arises: How are these testimonials obtained?

Are they unsolicited and spontaneous indications of approval and pleasure, and are they, as unbiased opinions, worth the paper they are written on?

As a matter of fact, nothing is easier than to obtain a testimonial of this kind, provided the article for which it is required is reasonably good, and provided the penning of such a testimonial does not in any way commit the writer.

That is to say, if you wished to secure a few words of approval concerning a new vintage of wine or a new brand of cigars, you would simply send along a case of the one or a box of the other, together with a letter asking the recipient to be generous enough to give you his opinion as to their quality. Naturally, if he answers at all, it is to say that the one or the other, as the case may be, is "excellent," or "all that could be wished," or "extremely fine." This does not indicate that the testimonial-writer considers them better than any other wine or cigar at the same price, and so far as influencing those who are able to think and judge for themselves, is absolutely valueless.

Several correspondents have written me recently pointing out that we publish no opinions of this sort concerning our Hundred Books.

Now they know the reason.

We could get favourable letters from half the big people in the Kingdom regarding these books if we were so minded. But we are not.

It is like this:

Every man who has already, or is anxious to obtain, a library, large or small, is a man who is capable of forming his own conclusions and of judging for himself without the assistance of another man, however capable and prominent the latter may be in his own sphere of life.

If, on reading over the list of our books, a man says to himself: "Well, that's a good list, but don't think I want them," then a whole sheaf of laudatory letters from testimonial-writers will not convince him otherwise. And, on the other hand, if a man sees the titles of the books, and says: "Now that's a goodly batch for the money, I'll get them," then his mind is made up—he

judges for himself right away as to whether they are worth it to him, and big people's opinions (not wholly unbiased) in the shape of testimonials, are not wanted by him.

The average man—and I am taking as a standard the reader of P.W. as I know him—only wants to have a good thing placed within reach of his right hand for him to seize it, and put down with his left the price asked. Never has that theory been carried out in practice more emphatically than in the case of our offer of the 100 Best Books.

Post-cards and telegrams applying for list of books, envelopes containing coupons, cheques, and postal orders, and congratulatory letters from those who have received the books, flood the department in these offices assigned to the books.

Curiously enough, the demand for sets of a hundred far exceeds that for those of fifty, and the extra list of twenty, from which applicants are allowed to pick and choose, is largely taken advantage of.

A post-card to these offices will bring along a complete list of the books together with the necessary forms to fill up. And a postal order for ten shillings will bring along either fifty or a hundred splendid volumes bound in red cloth, or in half morocco, according to what you ask for.

Carriage is paid on all parcels in the United Kingdom, and your whole liability amounts to an average of five shillings a week (payable monthly) until the total amount is cleared off.

"DID you let him kiss you before you were engaged?"

"Yes; that's how we happen to be engaged. Papa came along."

MR. NICEFELLO: "I am told that Miss Bullion never wears the same dress twice."

Miss De Pink (rival belle): "Yes, that is true; and I understand that she has a different set of teeth for every day in the week."

JONES said it must be provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat to find a love-letter from another woman in the pocket. Brown, who has been getting heretical on the subject of feminine saintship ever since "his bright particular" shone apart from him, at once decided that idea as perfect nonsense. There is not a woman on earth, he observed, but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat; then it wouldn't be mended at all.

WHITE WINE OR RED?

EXPERTS SAY THAT RED IS THE BETTER.

HOWEVER much our temperance friends may deplore the fact, the drinking of wine continues and will continue as long as there is wine to drink. This being so, the following facts concerning the choice of white or red wine may be commended to the notice of those who take a little of the generous fluid for medicinal or other purposes.

Paris leads the way in the matter of wine as in the style of dress, and it is noteworthy that during the past ten or fifteen years there has been a radical change in the kind of wine consumed. Formerly, red was in favour; by far the larger portion of the wine consumed was of that hue; but white is most largely drunk now. Red has been displaced by white, which has leapt into public favour; and the example of Paris has been followed by other parts of France and by other countries.

Now, the question arises, is this change due to mere caprice or is there some hygienic reason for it. Some people like red, others prefer white, but the preference for either is largely a matter of fancy, and the lover of red will give it up for its rival beverage if he finds that most of his friends or fellow-guests are regaling themselves with the latter. But competent authorities have been excited by this change, and have examined the question from a hygienic standpoint.

The results of investigation tend to prove that the revolution in colour is not due to hygienic considerations; in fact, statistics show that red wine is more conducive to longevity than white. M. Carles, a Bordeaux expert, declares that the effects of the red are much more beneficial than those of the white, and that the revolution in public taste is not of good augury for the health of the community.

Another expert has been taking a census on the subject in the Department of the Gironde. This Department has well-defined red wine and white wine communes; they have always been so distinguished and have not been affected by the fashion of the day. His idea was to see how many persons over seventy-five were to be found in the respective districts among the registered electors, and the result is rather startling. In the white wine district he found 88 out of a total of 3,029, equal to 2.9 per cent., whereas in the red wine districts the number was 381 out of 6,738, equal to 5.6 per cent. In other words, the percentage was practically 3 against 5, not far short of double the number.

"EVERY-DAY" WATCH, 15/-



SILVER CASES, stamped, 5 jewels, strong, well-timed and warranted. Best Watch of the day. Gent's or Lady's, 15/-, post free. THE KNOCKABOUT WATCH, 7/-, Very good. Black Steel. Keyless. Watches, 9/6 and 10/6. A Month's Trial with watches. WE ARE NOT SHOPKEEPERS. Send to our Wholesale Warehouse for Catalogue, free. 3,000 Engravings of Reliance Watches. Gold and Silver Jewellery, and everything sold at a store. Money returned if not approved. G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO., 12, BRISTOL ST., BIRMINGHAM. Best Terms to Watch Club Agents.

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Sample Free on receipt of 1d. stamp.
One Cigarette instantly relieves the worst attack of Asthma, Whooping Cough, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Bronchitis, Sufferers at night find them invaluable. Are smoked by ladies and most delicate patients.
Box 25, 25 of all Chemists. Post Free from WILCOX & CO., 25, Northampton St., London, W.

Silvered LATE POWDER
HARMLESS & NEVER SCRATCHES.
Is Brighter & Lasts Longer than any other.
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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

SWANEE" DOWN.
Should they own Goshawks, Pilewings, &c., with "SWANEE" DOWN.
Totally Clean! Light! Luxurious! Lighter than Feathers and softer than silk. Every bird cries happy and hearty, and is much more for lining, quilting, cushions, &c. &c. Equal to Eiderdown. In bags of 25/- and 50/-.
Price 6d. per lb. Sample bag free by post. Write to THE SWANEE CO., Gorton, Manchester.

Warms and Exhilarates.

This delicious Cocoa is of the greatest benefit in the cold season as a stimulating, warmth-producing beverage possessing nourishing and strengthening properties of the highest dietetic value.

Having regard to its exceptional digestibility Rowntree's Elect Cocoa contains the greatest possible proportion of the nutritive heat-imparting substances of the cocoa bean, and, in conjunction with these, the powerful natural stimulant known as "theobromine," which serves to brace up the system, and to give staying power and stamina, and to ensure that nerve-strength which is so great a factor in enabling us to throw off the ailments prevalent in the winter season.

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Of all Grocers, Chemists, Confectioners, &c., in Tins only, price 6d., 3d., 1s. 6d., and 3s.

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FINE ITALIAN MODELS.
13 Red Maple Ribs, 7s. 6d.; Brown and White Ribs, 10s. 6d.; GENUINE ITALIAN, with 13 Maple Ribs, 12s. 6d.; 17 Rosewood Ribs, 17s. 6d.; 17 Rosewood Ribs, Pearl Inlaid, 24s.; ditto, superior, Closed Machine, 30s.; Magnificent De Mele Model, Rosewood, 50s.; ditto, superior, 63s. Genuinely the Martin, standard instrument made, 45 15s. For cases, strings and picks, see list post free. All with machine heads and term equal boards. Case and car. free.

JOSEPH RILEY'S,
OF CONSTITUTION HILL,
BIRMINGHAM.

THE COMING C
Has now come. A post-card to W. PRETTY & SON, Ipswich, will bring an Illustrated Booklet telling all about their Corset.

PILES HAVING CURED
after years' terrible suffering, I will gladly send Cure FREE on receipt of addressed envelope.—Rev. D. B. BROWN, The Elms, Cowley Road, Cambridge.

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50 SCOTTISH SONGS (Sofa and Old Notation, with Pianoforte accompaniment). In paper covers, 2s. In cloth, with gilt edges, 3s. 6d. in cloth. Violin Part, 6d.
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REELS, STRATHSPYNS, AND GENERAL DANCE MUSIC. Paper, 2s. cloth, 3s. 6d. Violin Part, 6d.
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MONSTER COLLECTION FOR MELODEON (in Sofa and Old Notation), contains Instructions, Songs, and Dances. Largest collection published. 1s.
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ALLAN'S GUIDE TO THE BALL-ROOM contains everything about Dancing. A handy little volume, price 6d., cloth covers.
MOZART ALLAN, 70 St. Portland St., GLASGOW.

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Seldom found in an advertised article. Formerly manufactured for the trade, but now distributed to the public direct.

UNLAUNDERED WHITE SHIRTS
Direct from the Makers to the Customer.
In the two years they have been before the public thousands have been sent broadcast over the World. To day, unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being hourly received.

IN 3 QUALITIES.
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No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and front. A wonderful shirt. 2s. 6d. each. 14 1/2 half-down, post free.
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WHEN ORDERING MENTION SIZE OF NECK, HAND, AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS,
Manufacturers,
Part F. 101 Runciehill St., GLASGOW.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Salt Fish is easily freshened by soaking in sour milk.

After Rinsing Wooden Bowls, dry in the air, but not in sunshine, or they will crack and warp.

Frozen Meat should be placed for several hours in the kitchen before it is cooked, or it will be tough. Meat that is thawed quickly is invariably hard and tasteless.

Unbleached Linen. When economy is an object, the half bleached damask should be bought. This soon becomes white in use, and is far more durable than the fully bleached. If linen has to be stored for part of the year the advantages of the half bleached will soon be discovered.

Beef Essence. Take half a pound of lean beef, free from skin and gristle, and mince it finely on a board. Set the meat in a jar, cover closely with greased paper, stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and simmer for four or five hours. Strain off the essence, and free it of any fat with white paper. (Reply to ALICE.)

Sausage Eggs Make a Good Supper Dish. Mix two table-spoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs with half a pound of sausage meat, adding enough chopped parsley and sweet herbs to flavour delicately. Boil three eggs till hard, and divide each in half. Put a layer of the sausage meat round each piece of egg, and smooth it with a knife dipped into boiling water. Place the pieces as they are finished on a plate, dip into egg, then into finely crushed vermicelli and fry till a golden brown. Fry a good handful of sprigs of parsley, pile in the centre of a dish, place the egg cutlets round and serve very hot.

The White Fur may be cleaned as follows. Put the fur on to a firm table and rub it well with bran moistened with hot water. Rub next with a flannel till the fur is quite dry then with a piece of book muslin apply dry bran in the same manner. Afterwards put some magnesia into a muslin bag, and well rub into the fur. It is an improvement to stretch the skin before commencing this process. To accomplish this first sponge the hide with a mixture of salt and water, taking care not to wet the fur, put the skin, fur downwards, on to a table, and with the hand stretch it as far as possible. Keep it in the desired position by nailing it with tinnacks on to the table. (Reply to LADY MAY AND WHITE RUG.)

Worcestershire Sauce is always made a follows in my house and is excellent, and will keep good for years. I always save for this the vinegar from pickles, especially walnut, for it takes the place of white wine vinegar and makes the sauce a better colour. The sauce should be made in this way: Pound together half an ounce of cayenne pepper, half an ounce of shallot, and one eighth of an ounce of garlic in a marble mortar, add gradually a quart of white wine vinegar; then press through a hair sieve. Lastly add a gill of Indian soy and bottle for use. If you find the whole process tedious, after pounding the dry ingredients, put them into a jar, and pour the vinegar boiling on to them. Cover all closely, and let it stand till the vinegar has extracted the flavour of the ingredients, and before bottling add the soy. This sauce always improves with keeping. (Reply to A. ELLIS.)

Edited by ISOBEL.

FEBRUARY NUMBER on SALE on the 1st. PRICE 1d.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS:

Pancakes and Fritters.
Food for February.
Some Dainty Savouries.
A Little French Luncheon.
Winter Breakfasts, etc., etc.

For a Troublesome Cough, take a small lump of borax, add it to a little honey, and let it dissolve in the mouth. This will soothe when all other remedies fail.

Devilled Toast. Butter some squares of toast, spread them with French mustard mixed with chilli vinegar and chopped pickles. Place on this a slice of hard-boiled eggs, then cover with a thin slice of toast, and serve very hot.

Articles Infested with Moth should be saturated with benzine, for it injures nothing and kills the destroyer. Exposure to the air and wind speedily takes away all trace of the disagreeable smell.

To Make Beefsteak Tender, mix a table-
oil with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Brush this spoonful of
over the steak, and let it lie in the mixture for three
hours before cooking, turning it occasionally. (Reply
to CLARA.)

This is How to Make Tracing Paper
Take two ounces of Canada balsam. Put it into a jar with half a pint of spirits of turpentine, and mix thoroughly by a slow heat. When the solution is made, paint it with a soft brush on to good tissue paper. This paper dries quickly and cleanly. (Reply to J. LEWIS.)

Never Wash Toilet Combs unless absolutely necessary, for the hot water and soap are apt to make the teeth split and the comb rough. The best way to clean a comb is with a brush sold for the purpose, and obtainable at a small cost. If the brush is used very often, it will keep the comb in perfect condition without any further treatment. (Reply to F. N. T.)

Orange Snow is an inexpensive dish, and one that you can easily make. Dissolve half an ounce of sheet gelatine in half a pint of water; the rind of two oranges and two ounces of white sugar. When the gelatine is dissolved, strain it through a piece of muslin. Mix the whites of one or two eggs with the above, also the juice of two oranges. Whisk well for twenty minutes, and place in a warm mould. Turn out to serve. (Reply to E. M. F.)

Stewed Chestnuts to serve round a turkey or fowl should be prepared as follows: Parboil about a pint of chestnuts, then peel them, keeping each as whole as possible. Put these in a stew-pan with a small pat of butter, a gill of good stock, a pinch of salt, and also sugar. When boiling, let the nuts only simmer till tender. Afterwards let the chestnuts boil fast, shaking every now and again till they look nicely glazed. Then take from the pan, and arrange round the bird.

This Cheap Plum Pudding will suit your purpose, I feel sure, and if kept boiling steadily for four hours it will be most excellent. Take half a pound of potatoes boiled, drained, and mashed fine, quarter of a pound of carrots which have been thoroughly boiled and mashed to pulp, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of suet, three quarters of a pound of currants, one ounce of candied peel, pinch of salt. Mix all together overnight, adding an egg if more moisture is required. Next day, place in greased pudding-mould, tie over with a cloth, and cook (Reply to DAPHNE.)

Ginger Beer can be Made without
Yeast, as follows: The ingredients required are five pounds of white sugar, four ounces and a half of lemon or lime juice (fluid), five and a half ounces of bruised ginger, quarter of a pound of honey, and four gallons and a half of water. Boil the ginger in three-quarters of a gallon of the water for half an hour, then add the sugar, the lemon juice, and honey with the remainder of the water and strain through a cloth. When cold, add the white of one egg and quarter ounce of essence of lemon; and, after standing four days, bottle. This will prove an excellent ginger beer for you, and it will keep for months. (Reply to W. BORD.)

Sucking the Thumb is a habit which should be checked directly in children. The position assumed for this practice is very bad in every way for a growing child; it contracts the chest, and very often lays the seed for serious trouble in later life. Then it makes the thumb very sore and soft, and spoils its shape. Perhaps the greatest evil is to the jaw, which, by continued pressure, gets put out of shape. I know a woman now who suffers greatly with her teeth, and all the result of obstinate sucking her thumb! As a child she was allowed to acquire the habit, and then would not give it up. Children who will suck something should constantly be given a leathery crust to bite, which will help the teeth through.

On account of the enormous size of our paper pattern business, we have introduced into our cutting department all the latest labour-saving appliances known to the scientific world, with the result that our patterns, which are the best in every way, are cut at a minimum cost. We are willing that our readers should share in this economy, so we offer the patterns at half price, viz.: Bodices, 3½d.; Skirts, 4½d.; Costumes, 6½d.; Coats and Skirts, 7½d.; etc., etc. The quality of the patterns is as good, or even better than ever.

German Froth Sauce. Heat a wineglassful of sherry with a little sugar and grated lemon peel. Beat one egg, throw in the hot wine, and beat it to a froth. Serve at once.

Steel Table Knives should never be allowed for use in the kitchen, for if anything greasy be stirred with them, they at once become dull and blunt, and the ivory handles spotted.

Baked Bananas. Select large, ripe fruit, cut off all stalk, and set on a piece of buttered paper in the oven. Bake slowly till the skins begin to split, then take off the skins, set the bananas on a dish, and garnish with a little whipped cream.

Encourage Dancing in your Children
for it is a healthful occupation for little ones, and does much to train them in gracefulness and ease of manner. I should always have children taught dancing after they are four years old, when they will thoroughly enjoy their lessons. (Reply to EDINBURGH.)

Potato Eggs make a very good supper dish to accompany slices of cold ham, beef, etc. First mash smoothly six or seven boiled potatoes; add to them the yolk of an egg, one ounce of butter, half a small onion chopped very finely, with some parsley, pepper, and salt. Mix all together thoroughly, form the potato into pieces the size and shape of an egg, brush over with beaten egg, dip into fine breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat to a light golden colour. Lay on thick paper before the fire to dry.

This Cumberland Sausage Recipe

sent to me by a kind correspondent, who has used it for years with success. The sausage may be made of pork, or equal parts of pork and beef cut into dice of about half an inch square. Season all with pepper, salt and nutmeg. A flavouring of sage is liked by many. Procure of your butcher purified skins. After cutting and seasoning the meat, mix it thoroughly, and allow it to stand over night. Next day mix all together again, and fill the skins, which should be cut in lengths of about eighteen inches. If any difficulty is found in filling the sausage, take a piece of whalebone and form in into a loop by tying the ends together tightly. Put the skin over the holding the whalebone firmly. When filling the sausage, keep pressing the meat down as tightly as possible without bursting the skin. When quite full, fasten the ends firmly with a thin wooden skewer and tie round with string to prevent slipping. Hang the sausages on a thin piece of wood, not allowing one to touch another, the wood being attached to the ceiling in a cool dry place, such as the end of a large kitchen. Turn the sausages every day. By drying in this way the sausages gain flavour and will keep good for weeks. (Thanks to CUMBERLAND LASS.)

Scobell

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 All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Office, Fleet Street, London, W.C.

1899. JAN.		FEBRUARY.		MARCH.		APRIL.		MAY.		JUNE.		JULY.		AUGUST.		SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.		NOVEMBER.		DECEMBER.			
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The Strongest Kind of Evidence from
Mr. W. Scott and Mr. Geo. Butler that

MUNYON CURES RHEUMATISM.



MR. W. SCOTT.

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Mr. W. SCOTT, of 2 St. Anne's Buildings, St. Anne's Court, London, W., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism for a great many years, and have tried all kinds of medicines and pills, but have never found relief. I was advised by a friend to try Munyon's Rheumatism Cure, and found relief in the first bottle. I have continued to take them for some time, and now am quite able to follow my employment, thanks to Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. Being a paper-hanger, and on my feet all day long, it seems like a new world to me."

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testifies for the little sugar pellets.
"I cannot say enough in favour
of your medicine."

Mr. GEO. BUTLER, a well-known and popular engineer on the South-Western Railway, residing at Goldsboro' Road, South Lambeth, says: "For over weeks I suffered terribly from rheumatic gout in hands, both feet, both elbows, and both knees. I was forced to remain in bed fully a fortnight, during which time I could not move at all. An old lady living next door told me of the benefits she had derived from taking Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. I decided to try it, and the result is I am entirely cured of rheumatism. I cannot say enough in favour of your medicine."



MR. GEO. BUTLER.

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F. R. asks which is the best detective force—the British, the French, or the American? Speaking of the force as a whole, and judging by the actual discovery of crime, the palm must be given to the French. The secret service is so extensive, and espionage has existed for so long, that almost every Frenchman naturally develops a detective faculty. You never know who is a secret agent there, and you are always being carefully watched. The percentage of criminals brought to justice in that country is greater than elsewhere. But we can hold our own as far as individual talent is concerned.

Miggs writes: "In reply to your correspondent 'T. Y.' perhaps my little scheme and its attendant success in stopping the tramp and canvasser nuisance may be of interest. I had screwed on to the door-post of my private house an electric bell-push complete, with no wire communicating, and labelled it 'Tradesmen, etc.' A genuine bell-push was placed on the door under the knocker, with the legend 'Knock and ring,' beneath it. Our own tradesmen and friends were instructed to use the genuine bell; the tramps and other wild fowl, having pressed the dummy and waited the usual number of times, became wilder and went away, and we are now almost entirely free from the annoyance. Of course, we never answer single knocks, and if one of the fraternity should knock and ring, we speak unto him in a manner more forcible than polite on answering his false summons."

I. B.—Infant drunkenness is not quite so prevalent as it used to be, but there is more of it about than most people think. In a recent year, the number of children found drunk in London was nearly five hundred.

A CORRESPONDENT hurls the following problem at me. He says: "Pass a rope over a pulley, place a monkey at one end, and a weight equal to the weight of the monkey at the other. Now supposing the monkey began to climb the rope, what would happen? I say, as the respective weights remain the same in each case, the position of the middle of the rope (that which is in contact with the pulley) would remain the same. My friend says that the mere fact of the monkey using force would result in the weight shifting its position according to the measure of energy put forward by the creature. Which of us is correct?" Theoretically—that is to say making no allowance for the resistance of the air, the friction between the rope and pulley, the weight of the rope, etc.—for every two feet the monkey climbed up, the weight would rise one foot, and thus monkey and weight would always be an equal distance from the pulley. But, in practice, there has been an altogether unexpected termination to the experiment. A man was substituted for the monkey, but almost simultaneously with his first effort the weight came down with a rush, and the man at the other end went up so quickly that he had only just time to jump off and save his fingers from being jammed between the rope and pulley.

I WOULD remind readers that a £5 note is going begging under the following conditions: Compose a sentence entirely and only of the letters contained in the names of the months January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December. Commas and apostrophes and capital letters may be introduced or ignored, just as competitors please. All attempts should be written clearly on half a sheet of note-paper, and should reach the "TWELVE MONTHS EDITOR," on or before Monday, February 27th.

SAILORS and those who have sailor friends should also remember that two guineas and ten gold-plated pencil-cases are offered to the senders of the best and next best lower-deck saying. All attempts in this competition should reach me in envelopes marked "LOWER DECK," by Monday, March 20th.

BLUE.—The blue bricks that come from Staffordshire are produced from the ordinary red clays and marls of the Midlands, but sometimes other clays containing a large proportion of iron are used in the manufacture. The moulded bricks are dusted over with powdered slag that is rich in iron—the slag from the re-heating furnaces of ironworks. The firing in the kilns is executed at a very high temperature, and salt is thrown on the bricks to glaze them during the process.

R.—The Tsar's attempt at the establishment of universal peace is not the first of the kind that has been made by a European monarch. The French King Henry IV. of Navarre proposed something similar in the sixteenth century. His idea was to form the European nations into a confederation of states, each state to be evenly balanced in military and naval power. The confederation was to be a supreme court of arbitration to decide all disputes that might arise. There was one flaw in this peace proposal—the Turk was to be excluded, and the states were to wage a war of extermination against him. The project was discussed and dropped; the other states didn't believe in Henry of Navarre.

THIS week I have begun a new series of articles under the general heading, "A Life's Work." The first article, dealing with clerkships in the Civil Service, appears on page 548. My object in publishing this series is to give the average father some opportunity of selecting a career for his son or daughter, and the advantages and disadvantages will be set forth in a wholly unbiassed manner, together with particulars of the places from which fuller information may be obtained. The exact channel into which a man proposes to place his child should be selected largely according to the inclinations and tastes of that child. These are usually exhibited at a comparatively early age, and should be developed and cultivated. Many a boy is placed by his father in a position for which he is totally unfitted, and which there is no possibility of his making a success. In such a case, it is obvious that the parent was guided solely by his own views, and ignored entirely any "bent" the boy may have shown in other directions. Moreover, it is hard nowadays to even think of a suitable line of business in which to put a boy, and it usually ends in his becoming a clerk, with the false consolation that "he can start at that, anyway, and then he'll have time to look round." But he seldom does more than "look round." That's why there is such a glut on the clerk market. In view of these facts, therefore, I feel there is ample justification for publishing this series of articles, which will unquestionably be of interest to every reader, besides those who are fathers.

THIS is the result of the "Circle" Competition: There were two ways of obtaining five totals of fourteen, one way of obtaining five totals of fifteen, one of sixteen, one of seventeen, two of eighteen, one of nineteen, and one of twenty-one. The competitor who sent in all these results mounted in the neatest style was Mr. W. Schupp, 69 Wernett Hall Road, Oldham, to whom the prize of £5 has been awarded.

H. F. has just taken fresh apartments; he found a horseshoe nailed over one door, and asked the painter to remove it when doing up the place—but they didn't. He set about the task himself, and succeeded in injuring his left hand. He thereupon became indignant, and in that frame he wrote a letter to me, roundly abusing people generally for being superstitious, and concluding with "Horseshoes for luck! Why not nail up the horse's tail? Wouldn't any other part of the animal do as well as the piece of iron on its foot?"—Just as well, I expect, although the shoe isn't a part of the horse in the same way as the tail or head. The latter were not put on by man. Other parts of the horse—to use your own phrase, were considered lucky in former times—the neigh, for instance; but the difficulty about that is, that you can't nail it up. Hytaspias, an ancient king, was chosen because the neigh of a horse was supposed to have indicated that he would be the proper man for the position; that sound decided the superstitious believers in its power to bring good fortune that they would do wisely in electing the gentleman just mentioned. The animal's breath was said to purify the air and cure disease; its head was hung up at the gables of houses among Teutonic races as a protection against disease. So you need not stick to the shoe, you see.

GENTLE and gracious reader! Turn you to page 551 of this issue, and mark you the information printed boldly in the middle of the second column. Just think of it! £100 won six times! Our gracious, we shall be ruined if this goes on!

P. G. writes against the fashion of twisting the table-napkin into all kinds of fantastic shapes. "I object to it on the score of decency," he says. "It isn't nice to have one's table-napkin mauled about by a waiter or a servant whose hands may not be altogether clean, and, apart from that, it certainly looks neater to see the table accessory lying folded by the side of your plate than crumpled up in a glass or similarly dealt with. I never lose an opportunity of gibbering at this modern fashion."—There is considerable force in your argument, P. G. The napkin ought to give the impression that it has just come from the laundry rather than convey the notion that it has been trodden on. In many households the practice of twisting is being discontinued, and in these days of cleanliness we may expect the number of such households to increase. As to your idea that the custom is a modern one, this is quite erroneous; it dates from the end of the fifteenth century. An Italian treatise on the subject, with numerous illustrations, was published at that time.

J. F. L.—The carriage on the Hundred Best Books is paid by us to all parts of the United Kingdom.

F. H. G. is a chemist who takes objection to the statement which appeared in a recent number dealing with the fact that toothbrushes are now bought more largely at big stores or special shops than at chemists'. I think that there is some justification for my correspondent's complaint. He seems to be under the impression that I am prejudiced against gentlemen of his profession. This, however, is I may state distinctly quite erroneous. I regard chemists as a particularly hard-working body, whose remuneration is not commensurate with the amount of their responsibility. In order to prove that I am in no way prejudiced

against them, I offer a solid-silver pencil-case for the best reasons why the Pharmacy Act of 1868 should be repealed. To those who are not of the fraternity of chemists it may be as well to explain that this Act contains a certain clause called the "Widows' Clause" which provides that the widow of a chemist may carry on her deceased husband's business with the aid of a qualified assistant. This is apparently the one weak spot in British pharmaceutical legislation, for under the protection of this very clause any firm, not absolutely and necessarily a firm of chemists, can open and conduct a chemists' department provided that the same is under the charge of a qualified man, which, so say the chemists, is rough on them. Send your attempts, on memorandum or note paper, bearing your name and address. Envelopes must be marked "CHEMIST," and must arrive not later than Monday, February 6th.

J. L.—The method of colouring billiard balls is absolutely a trade secret. Hundreds of balls are ruined by people trying to colour them. They only blotch them, and the balls turn out a disgrace. In the end the balls have to be sent to a proper tradesman.

JABEZ AND OTHERS.—The inaccuracies were certainly deplorable. Leinster Hall, Dublin, is, of course, a thing of the past, and a handsome new theatre has been in full swing for some considerable period on the site. Both Ipswich and Lancaster have music halls. Nottingham, of course, has besides its two theatres, two well-appointed music halls and a permanent circus. Belfast has two music halls, namely, the Empire and the Alhambra, and both of them are excellent, while Glasgow boasts of six theatres and five music-halls. In further reference to the article on "Towns that Like the Play," C. M. writes to confirm what the writer stated about Dublin being good for opera. "Another thing," he says, "I have noticed is the extraordinary way in which towns change their ideas. Leicester I always look upon as one of the greatest culprits in this respect. If anyone asked me the worst towns for grand opera, and I have watched the towns for the last dozen years, I should say Leeds and Bradford."

M. H. M.—The correct way to spell the word is "cinematograph." It is derived from the Greek "kineo" (I move) and "grapho" (I describe). By what may be described as poetical licence the first letter is converted into C, but often the K is retained.

C. L. writes to me concerning the lack of accommodation for the cleaning of ladies' boots outside their own or their friends' houses. "If a man gets his boots muddy and his trousers splashed," he says, "he can put his foot on a shoeblack's block and be made spick-and-span once more. A woman has no such opportunities. I don't say that a woman would care to do the same as a man, but there might be small rooms fitted up where a woman could sit down and be provided with a pair of slippers while her besplashed boots were being cleaned by female attendants. I think a scheme could be evolved which would prove remunerative to the promoters."—On the face of it there seems to be a good deal in the idea, but upon reflection there are circumstances that are against it. Comparatively few women trudge about in the wet streets; their duties do not necessitate it, and, if they are bound to undertake a journey, they ride. They are very particular on that score. If such rooms were established, I question whether they would be patronised to any great extent; many women would prefer to go about in dirty boots to having them cleaned outside of their own residence. They would think that the boots were not properly handled, that the blacking would be put on the part that should be cleaned with cream, and raise various other objections. Of course, these prejudices might be overcome.

W. J. I. writes to point out that the earthenware jug with a capacity of 150 quarts, that used to stand over the front door of a china, glass and earthenware warehouse in Atherstone, was removed two or three years ago to a similar position over a shop in Nuneaton.

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